

# SKIN DIVER

FEBRUARY 1955



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BENEATH THE CRAGS  
OF MALPELO ISLAND  
By Lt. H. E. Rieseberg

# The SKIN DIVER

P. O. Box 128, Lynwood, California  
Phone: MEtcalfe 3-7851  
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**JIM AUXIER**  
Editor

**CHUCK BLAKESLEE**

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#### FEBRUARY COVER

**SUNRISE**—A day of underwater adventure is ahead. Ron Church took this amazing Rollieflex picture of Duane Buccowich entering the water from a boat near Catalina Island. Our sport is in a **SUNRISE** era, 1955, and future years will bring many days of underwater adventure.

#### FLORIDA . . .

Delegates from all the clubs of the Florida Skin Divers Association will meet in Orlando, Florida, the third Sunday of February, 1955, at which meeting elections will be held for officers for the succeeding year. Charter amendment will be adopted to change the elections from June to February in order to permit the next officers to get in on the "ground floor" and carry forward the summer tournaments without the interruption of the organization as was experienced last June.

Harold J. Aycock,  
Chairman Florida Association A.A.U.  
(Skin Divers)

Meet **RICHARD CROSBY** in  
the

#### SKIN DIVER

Booth

at the

Long Island Sportsmen's Show  
Jamaica, L. I., New York  
Feb. 12 to 17

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#### TOKYO LETTER

Skin Diver Magazine,  
Lynwood, California.  
Dear Editor:

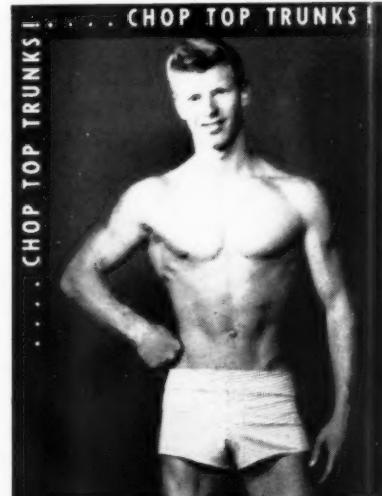
This is a request that you ask skin divers in the Tokyo and Yokosuka area to contact me as to joining the Nippon Divers Club.

I know of a place to go that is two hours by train from Tokyo, and is a good place for skin diving but has few swimmers there.

Having been to Zushi, I compared the two places and find the one I know of to be much better for fish and for a natural shelter in case of typhoons or storms.

Sincerely,

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Med. Large	7-9
Large	9-11
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*The Swimming Fins  
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Waiting for!*

Created and perfected by the genius of Egidio Cressi of Genoa, Italy, for 20 years the world's foremost designer and developer of underwater sports equipment—the Rondine Gigante Super Fin incorporates all the famous features of the exclusive Cressi Rondine design. A sensational demolition type super-size fin that gives tremendous power and amazing speed never before possible! Throughout the history of skin diving, underwater government services and experienced water sportsmen have sought the fin that has everything! Now from Cressi, manufactured in the U. S. exclusively by Healthways, comes the answer—THE RONDINE GIGANTE SUPER FIN, truly the ultimate in self-propulsion!

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# ITALIAN MOVIE MAKING

By VICTOR DE SANCTIS

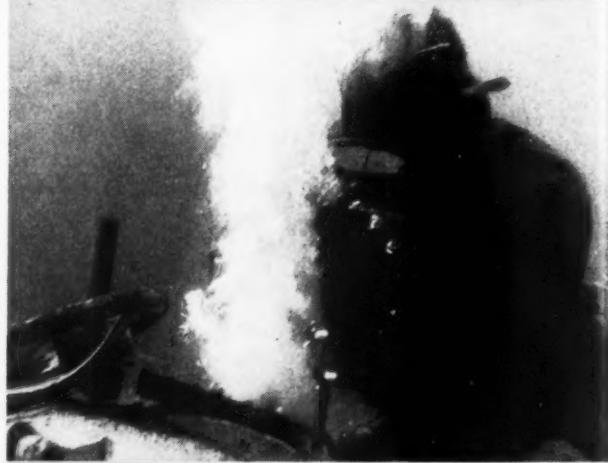


ACTION IN AND AROUND "SILURI UMANI"

TOP LEFT—A crew member is rescued from the sunken submarine.  
CENTER—Two frogmen actors rush to the scene of the missing sub.  
BOTTOM—Italian Navy frogmen that "doubled" for the actors underwater.

RIGHT TOP—Cameraman Victor de Sanctis and his camera "Kinemar."  
CENTER—A rescuer uses an oxygen-electric flame to open a door of the submarine.  
BOTTOM—The camera crew, De Sanctis, Avanzo, and two frogmen.

Following the success of the Italian underwater real war stories recently filmed ("I Sette Dell'Orsa Maggiore" and "Mizar") the latest of pictures called "Siluri Umani" (Human Torpedoes) has just been completed. All underwater scenes have been taken in the harbor of La Spezia, one of Italy's main naval bases. Shooting conditions could not have been worse, maximum visibility was 15-ft.! We were obliged to work in these waters because of a sunken submarine, laying at 43 feet. Both actors and camera crew used standard Italian Navy oxygen apparatus. All scenes were shot with two cameras, one 35mm and a 16mm. As better results were obtained with the 16mm camera all scenes have been blown to 35mm and inverted in the film.



# HAMMERHEAD...

"Bel-Aqua's new speargun will penetrate and hold a 400 pound shark at 15 feet," says John Logan, Conservation Director of the California Council of Diving Clubs, who designed this new weapon.

When we at Bel-Aqua asked John to design a gun that would give true power versatility, increased range without a sacrifice in accuracy, and a method of loading that is both fast and easy, he really outdid himself.

Take that matter of power . . . the two rubber oval spear propellents on the Hammerhead give it twice the striking energy of ordinary twin-strand guns. With one cock **four** rubbers are poised for action. Made of the same compound that Bel-Aqua's brilliant chemists developed for their famous frogman suits, these rubbers will last four to five times as long as those used on ordinary guns. Their design is revolutionary too. On ordinary guns the rubbers are in "fixed" position that confines loading stress to the same areas on the rubbers each time the gun is cocked, thereby causing early failure. On the hammerhead, the rubbers are molded into ovals that are free to rotate when the gun is in the uncocked position, which means that the stress points are constantly changing.

Additional rubber loops may be slipped into position in a matter of seconds to give double or triple striking energy . . . **the equivalent of 8 or 12 strands!** Their pull, directly in line with the shaft, prevents spear wobble, a common fault of less scientifically designed weapons.

The Hammerhead consistently shoots 20% further than any other rubber-powered gun and so straight that all you need do is line up your target with the sight and you can't miss.

And talk about easy loading! The Hammerhead is as easy to cock as a kid's slingshot. Handy foot bar gives "accident proof" stability, allows for the full use of leg muscles in stretch-type loading that reduces the pull-back force to just a tiny fraction of that required by guns without this exclusive feature.

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This assembly (**optional at \$3.95 extra**). Boosts range and impact by 1/3 based on proved weight x ejection speed formulas. It's got all the advantages of quick detachability when you've slammed one of those big devils. The swinging barb head securely anchor inside of the fish, the flexible cable keeps him from tearing himself open and fighting free. And what's more, the spearhead is really simple to remove when you've landed him. Just pull the cable until the shaft and head are joined, push it through and

pinion the barbs with the sliding ring directly behind the head, and withdraw. It's foolproof! The head can't drop off by mistake . . . it's got to be pulled off. Fits all guns.



to rubber rings. Complete, \$11.95.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# BENEATH THE CRAGS OF MALPELO ISLAND

By  
**Lieutenant HARRY E. RIESEBERG**

. . . Eight divers had gone down to find this treasure — only the last came back! Even Victor Hugo, in his vivid descriptions of the fight between a man and an octopus in his "Toilers of the Sea", never imagined so thrilling a battle as that herein described, and which actually happened to the author off the shores of Malpelo Island, off the coast of Colombia, while searching an old sunken hulk for a treasure of silver and gold bars. And the strange part of it was that the author was saved from a dreadful death by the use of skin divers and their aqua-lung equipment . . .

With a smother of foam and bubbles the green water closed over me. When I was not too far down I signaled the crew above to stop. Since they were new at this business I wanted to see whether they would answer satisfactorily. When they did so promptly, I adjusted the air pressure in my diving dress and resumed my slow downward descent.

As I went down I thought of the treasure supposedly lying in the wreck below. I thought, too, of the dangers lurking there and of the seven divers who had gone down to the wreck and never returned. Had I known the terror that awaited me, I might have stopped then and there.

The whole strange adventure had begun two weeks before in the little seaport town of Buenaventura, Colombia. I had just returned from six months of

salvage work on several so-called treasure wrecks in the Gulf waters. I had decided to return to the States for a long-needed rest.

But that was before I met Charlie Boyer in the office of the dock superintendent. Once a diver himself, he was quite interested in my recent experiences. When I mentioned that there were few unrecovered treasure wrecks left on the sea's floor along the West Coast, he looked up sharply, and then stared ahead in silence.

I asked him, "What's the strangest thing you've ever heard of in these waters, Boyer?"

For a brief moment he did not reply, then he said, "I think the salvage job off Malpelo Island, to the west of here, is the strangest, Lieutenant. But it's a long, long story." I settled myself down comfortably to listen.

Many years ago, Boyer said, an unidentified Spanish schooner had hit the rocks off the end of Malpelo Island during a terrific storm. The vessel had gone down immediately, with only one man surviving. Rescued from the deserted island, the man revealed that the sunken schooner had carried in its hold a vast sum in gold and silver bars, together with some other valuable cargo. That was all we ever learned about the ship and its treasure; a few days later the survivor died from exposure.

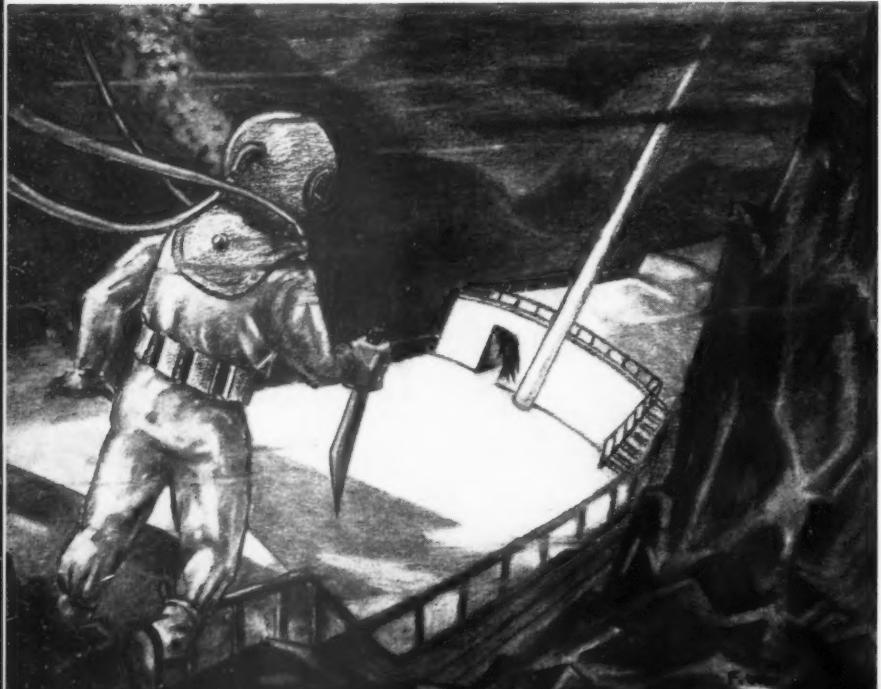
Since that time attempts had been made to recover the mysterious treasure-cargo. In each case the diver never came up. All the air and life lines were snapped and there was no sign of what had caused the tragedy.

The story chilled me. But there was a challenge in it.

"Boyer," I said, "if you're willing to take a chance with me on making the eighth attempt, I'll do the diving."

With a broad grin, he jumped to his feet. "You mean that, Lieutenant? You aren't superstitious?"

My answer was a flat "No."



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The next two weeks were busy ones. We secured the best equipment we could in Buenaventura and hired a double crew of husky Colombians. It wasn't long before we were anchored off Malpelo Island and I was going down to the wreck of the ill fated Spanish schooner.

As I caught the faint outline of the hulk beneath me, I fingered my shark knife nervously. About 100 feet down, I landed on a rocky ledge that jutted out from the main rock ridge. Among these sharp craigs I had to be mighty careful with my lines. A hard rub on one of their jagged edges might put me in a bad spot. One thing I was glad of: there were no signs whatever of sharks as yet. In fact, not a large fish of any kind appeared among the long streamers of queer stuff that hung in the water around the old hulk.

In a few minutes I had landed on the slime-coated deck of the sunken schooner. The white superstructure shone clean and fresh, as though it had recently been painted. In the faint light that penetrated from above, the wreck looked weird and sinister. It lay there, white and ghostly, with the high black walls of rock around it—much like a gigantic coffin lowered into a watery tomb.

The after-hatch was open, its cover partly off. Just forward appeared the companionway. Making certain that neither of my lines was fouled, I loosened my shark knife and strode forward. Climbing down the sand-covered steps to the heavy door of the chamber below, I moved ever more cautiously.

Then I saw it—and stood there, almost paralyzed, for a brief moment. Beside the half-open door appeared a large round object. *It was a copper diving helmet!*

Quickly I dug it out of the debris and sand. The rubber and canvas was torn in shreds. Stooping over a little, I peered closer. In the light of my torch I could see inside that helmet. I gazed down upon a skull—the white jaws wide apart in a set and uncanny grin!

Here was the first of the seven divers who had perished.

As I straightened up from my stooping position, the soft purr of the incoming air stopped abruptly. Then air started to whistle past my ears as it began to leave my suit. I suddenly realized that my air hose was cut. I knew that the great pressure of water at that depth would empty my suit within a few seconds. I should be badly crushed in an instant!

Shutting off the intake valve, I left enough air within my dress to last about five minutes. But for normal decompression I needed more time than that to go up. Now I was in a tough spot. There seemed slight chance for my survival.

Then, stumbling up the companionway steps, I jerked out my shark knife. But on

the deck, nothing was in sight—nothing but those ghostly white planks and sharp black limestone rocks.

My dress was now deflating fast. I pulled my signal cord quickly, and soon I was being hauled upward slowly. Of course, I knew the terrible danger of being hauled up from deep water too fast. Often it causes caisson disease, or the "bends." In fact, it can put a man out for good. At the half-way stage, I signalled for a stop. For a minute or two I hung at that level to lessen the shock.

When, at my next signal, the crew started hauling up again, my eyes seemed to be bursting from their sockets. My body felt as if it had been gripped by some giant's hand that was crushing the remaining life from it.

They pulled me on deck, and the crew boys got my headpiece unscrewed just in time. I lay there helpless, almost unconscious.

After undergoing decompression in our makeshift chamber, I rested for two whole days.

On the third day the sea was calm and the day clear. We had rigged up a new air hose; the old one had been cut almost in two. What cut it, I didn't know—perhaps some sharp edge on the old hulk or a pointed rock outcrop. Again I climbed over the side of the little salvage craft and sank slowly down past the wall of gloomy rocks.

I circled the entire deck, carefully watching my lines. Everything appeared the same as before—the water seemed as lifeless as ever. I climbed down the companionway toward the chamber below. The grim helmet with its white grinning skull lay where I had left it. This time without hesitating, I quickly turned and began digging away the sand that blocked the doorway. Soon I had the opening cleared. I peered in, then cautiously entered.

Inside was a space about 15 feet wide. It was partly filled with crates and boxes of different sizes. One of the boxes had the top pried off. Excited, I quickly scraped away the thick sand. Then I flashed my torch on the uncovered contents. It revealed several bars. Yes, here was the treasure. How much, I had no idea. But if it was to be raised, I should have to arrange for steel slings to be dropped down to me. Then, counting the boxes and crates, I prepared to ascend.

Turning to retrace my steps, I noticed that the boxes were piled higher at the opposite end of the chamber, away from

the doorway. To the right of these was a huge object heavily wrapped in a large tarpaulin. Striding clumsily across the room, I tore away the length of the covering.

There before me was a great bronze statue. It had large eyes, probably made of precious stones. They were of different shades and seemed to be looking at me sorrowfully. At the base of the statue were a number of small bones, whitened and half buried in the sand. Among them two skulls grinned directly at me, eerily. Close by lay a lead-soled boot, with remnants of a diver's dress still clinging to it.

I stood there trembling in the darkened eerie tomb. Then in the light of my torch something snakelike floated into my view. My scalp tightened, and I thought another diver was scheduled to "go out."



Then to my relief, I saw that it was only a long piece of the rotted tarpaulin. By now my nerves were pretty raw, and I couldn't help thinking of the seven divers who had come down here—to stay.

In the midst of these thoughts, I had a weird, uncanny feeling that somebody or something was watching me. So strong was this strange sense of a presence in the lonely, silent tomb that I turned and threw my torchlight about the chamber. It moved over the boxes and crates, played on the wall, and returned finally to the statue. As it shone past the bronze figure, I became faint with terror. For there, from behind the dim outlines of the boxes and crates, a huge shape was rising before my very eyes. My heart pounded wildly, for the thing bulked now across

(Continued on Page 28)

# SURF RIDING

By BEV MORGAN

The Skin Diver Magazine is devoted to the skin diver: his diving, his shore activities, his life. Many divers, in their activities along the coast line, have been introduced to, and are enjoying, surfboard riding. This sport is a very close and helpful companion to skin diving. Why not, then, use the Skin Diver Magazine as a medium for information about "surfing?"

The sport of riding waves began in the Hawaiian Islands long before Captain Cook discovered them in 1778. Today, surfboard riding is done in Hawaii, Australia, Peru, and California. The reason for these localities is that they present conditions that are favorable to the sport.

Several "conditions" are necessary to promote participation: the water and air temperature must be warm, there must consistently be waves of at least medium size the year round, there should be as little wind as possible, and the contour of the ocean floor must be of a certain form to build waves properly.

Since my riding has been done in California and Mexico, I shall confine my discussions to these areas.

There are several very good locations in Southern California for surfing. In my mind there is no such thing as the "best" spot. The swells that produce the surf are varied in size and direction enough to make the different areas have good rideable surf at different times. Many times I have seen large, well formed waves at one location, while there are no waves at another "good" spot. One of the main objectives in surfing is to be able to look at the swell direction and size and know from that where the surf is good.

From November on through the winter the swells are from the Northwest and West. This is due to the storm season in the North Pacific. The popular surfing spots during this season are: (from the North to the South) "Steamer Lane," a break outside Santa Cruz Point at Santa Cruz; Rincon Point, 10 miles North of Ventura; the "Overhead," directly off a highway overcrossing of the railway, about 2 miles north of Ventura; the Redondo Breakwater, on the North side; Paddleboard Cove (Bluff Cove), Palos Verdes; Huntington Beach, near the pier

on either side; the "trestle," located at San Mateo Point, two miles south of San Clemente; and the Tijuana Slew's which is at Imperial Beach on the Mexican Border. Some good surfing spots were not mentioned because they are at their best on a South swell and will be discussed in a future article.

On Oct. 16, the surf was showing about 8 to 9 foot at Hermosa Beach. Four of us loaded our boards onto my car and left for the "Overhead." The surf was large at Hermosa, but was not formed good for riding boards.

The overhead was breaking a consistent 7 to 8 foot when we arrived. Because of the distance offshore, the waves look smaller when they break. If the surf is breaking "outside" there the rides are usually good. The outside break is about 500 yards from the beach. After a struggle to get through the shore break, and a long paddle out, we began a cold morning of rides.

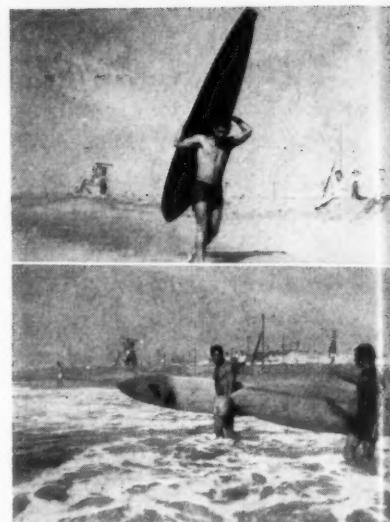
The waves there form in a "peak" (the place where the wave passes over the reef). At this point the wave is higher and steeper. The surfer locates himself (with landmarks) in a position where the peak will be. Then, as a wave approaches, he paddles his board in the same direction as the wave motion. The wave steepens, lifts the tail of the board, and he is on his way! He leaps to his feet, "stalls" until the wave is fringing, about to break. With a slight shift of weight the board is turned either to the left or right and the surfer plummets away from the center of the peak going as parallel to the wave as possible. The thrill attained on a good ride is unimaginable: a weightless drop, a speed as high as 30 miles per hour, and tons of water roaring down the face of the wave challenging the riders' ability.

After the initial ride across the outside peak at the overhead, the rider has the choice of "pulling out" and returning to the outside or riding the "soup" (broken part of the wave) on for some distance. The waves usually die out about 50 yards from the beach, then reform into the shore break. On big waves, or at low tides, the waves do not die out, but roll all the way to the beach. If a rider loses his board outside on one of these waves he is in for a long swim.

The wind finally began to blow causing a choppy sea surface. This "chop" causes the boards to bounce and pitch on rides. After a spill the wind is cold, and 15 minutes in a cold wind is plenty. We warmed ourselves near a fire on the beach, then began the long drive home, tired and happy.

NEXT MONTH — Changes in board shapes, Spring and Summer surfin' spots.

TOP TO BOTTOM—Down the beach the surfer comes; checks with his pal before making a run; here she comes; we've caught the fringe; might as well stand and enjoy the thing; sweeping, weightless, along with the surge; who, wonder, FIRST got this urge?



The Research Carmel registered the first one, in the ample youth when we ship with us.

Our fiber 25, present, and com gest total of fish weight a most of group w. C. and mys day. The

1954  
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**By Dr. D. GUTMAN**

The Israel Underwater Fishing and Research Society was founded on Mt. Carmel two years ago and was officially registered in May 1953. The Society is the first of its kind, and as yet the only one, in this country. We hope that the example which we are setting to the Israeli youth will bear fruit and that next year, when we hold the Second National Championships, there will be many new clubs with us.

Our first competition was held September 25, 1954. Sixteen teams of two were present. We had two hours in the water and competed for the biggest fish, the biggest total catch, and the largest number of fish with one pound as a minimum weight accepted. I am happy to say that most of the prizes were taken by our group who also sponsored the competition. Colonel M. Kahan, H. Kehrmann and myself shared the top honors for the day. The winning catches were a 22-lb.

Rock Cod, 55-lb. total weight, 22 fish the largest number taken by the two man team.

Prizes and certificates were distributed by the Commander of the Navy with about 500 spectators present. Those who did not catch anything received a little line with a hook and were advised to try that method of fishing. The whole event got very good publicity in the newsreels and newspapers.

Our winter activities will be limited to the contacts we have with the laboratory of research on fish classification. We are expecting a group from the Club Mediterranean with Dimitri Rebikoff on January 9th to make a film in Eilath (Red Sea) which is a one hour flight from us. I suppose that some of us will manage to join them for a few days.

We are expecting many guests from France next year, it seems that we have an exceptionally rich fishing area and also nine months of warm water. ▶

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1954 ISRAELI NATIONAL UNDERWATER SPEARFISHING CHAMPIONSHIPS contestants line up for equipment check by officials. There were 16 teams of two entered in the contest test.

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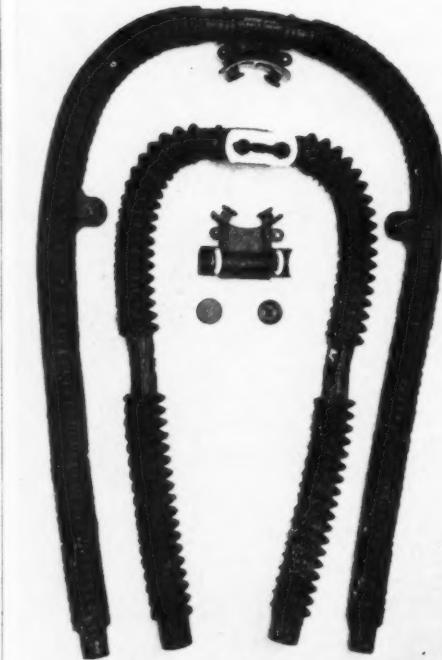
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# AQUA-SONIC

By STUART MACKAY

Research & Development Laboratory  
University of Calif., Medical Center  
San Francisco 22, Calif.

The problem of trying to talk under water has proven most annoying and accordingly was investigated recently in a most scientific manner by Dick Soule and myself in the former's bathtub. To start the experiment we donned snorkel and mask but these later had to be abandoned because his tub wasn't deep enough. (we also did not use our flippers.)

The actual problem is merely to generate suitable sounds under the surface of the water because, once there, the sound will propagate itself even better than in the air. The first experiment involved a submerged balloon on the end of a tube through which we spoke. There was a slight effect but mainly we proved that it is very hard to talk into an inflated balloon. This difficulty was alleviated by the use of a submerged hot water bottle. We are now ready to draft a recommendation to manufacturers that they change the shape of the neck of hot water bottles since the lip tends to cut one's nose. As

for the sound, it was just about what you'd expect to come out of a hot water bottle.

It seemed clear at this point that, as we originally suspected, an electrical system would be best. Accordingly we set up a pair of sound power phones (an ordinary ear phone at each end of a couple of hundred feet of lamp cord.)

While Dick talked into one end next door, I bent over the bathtub with the



ear phone nearby in the water. It not only worked, but sounded somewhat better than using the same unit in air. Considerable improvement was obtained by removing the earpiece and leaving the

diaphragm completely exposed to the water. For the next experiment we attached one earphone to the output of his radio so that we could both simultaneously stick our heads under water and listen to the pretty music. Coupling the signal into the water is quite a straightforward process.

An existing electrical signal could obviously be amplified by a small portable, possibly transistorized, amplifier. The only remaining problem was to generate the signal under water, so we fed the output of the earphone to the input of his phonograph. Talking into the earphone or holding it against one's throat yielded mostly hash because of the formation of bubbles; thus we held the earphone against the throat and again talked into the hot water bottle. The hot water bottle was again uncomfortable but things sounded pretty good this time. Possibly a regulation throat microphone or an ordinary microphone placed in a plastic air-filled bag might supply the answer. Other things that could be tried are either a double diaphragm-lever combination or a tapered horn to impedance match directly from air to water, (go to high force with small amplitude rather than vice versa). But possibly the best system would be sonovox-like in order to divorce speaking from breathing. ▶

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# Survey the Australian

A series of articles

By LEN STAPLES

6 Cheverton Parade, Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania

## ARTICLE III

### QUEENSLAND

Prepared with the help of information supplied by the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau.

Queensland is a land of far horizons . . . its 670,000 square miles exceeds the combined areas of the British Isles, France, Germany and Italy . . . with a population of only some 1 1/4 million it is understandably underdeveloped, and its physical characteristics are reflected in the outlook of its inhabitants . . . Queenslanders are an independent, self-sufficient lot, but as usually found where distances are vast and neighbours few and far between, they are for the most part hospitable.

One of the most equitable climates in the world is encountered in this state . . . the normal range of winter temperature is from 60 to 78 degrees. The mean maximum temperature at Brisbane during the peak of summer is 85 degrees, with of course, higher temperatures in the tropics, where the heat is tempered by cool sea breezes from the Pacific Ocean.

For some five sixths of its total eastern seaboard, the Queensland coast is protected by the coral ramparts of the Great Barrier Reef. This stretches for some 1,250 miles and encloses an area of more than 80,000 square miles. The reefs form an intricate system of reeferies, a veritable maze of individual reefs, islets, and shoals, differing in size, shape and spacing. The distance of the outer edge from the coast varies from 10 miles near Cape Melville to 150 miles off Cape Manifold, averaging between 20 or 30 miles.

In these waters at the Northeastern tip of the continent can be found literally hundreds of island paradises . . . tiny cays and atolls and pine clad isles, each in its

self a Pacific Cosmos. There are in fact, few stretches of coastline in the world possessing so many islands, a notable feature of the Continental shelf. More than six hundred are sufficiently large to be recognized by the Lands Department, and there are numerous others.

One of the most satisfying trips undertaken by the writer was a short (three day) voyage from Townsville to Bris-

bane; even though viewed from the decks of a fast liner, these sheltered waters left a deep impression, and it is no idle dream when I plan to return . . . but next time we will take our own ship, a 38 ft. deep water ketch.

The Great Barrier Reef peters out in the vicinity of Bunderberg, and the coast line South of here consists mainly of sweeping stretches of sand and occasional Rocky headlands (see photos 1 and 2), as opposed to the tropical northern coast, which varies between impressive headlands and mangrove flats, sandy beaches and rolling land masses which sweep down to the waters edge (as in photo 3).

One noticeable thing about the spearfishing setup in Queensland is that for the most part, principal towns and cities are not adjacent to good territory . . . this certainly will conflict with any impressions gained by looking at a map, but having just recently completed a two month business trip in company of my wife through the coastal districts from Melbourne in Victoria to Cairns in the north of Queensland, I feel I can safely venture my opinion.

Brisbane, for example, is at least a score of miles from clear ocean water . . .



TOP — Looking north from Mt. Oldfield at Lindeman Islands.



BOTTOM — Surfing beach and Big Burleigh headland. Photos courtesy Queensland Government Tourist Bureau.

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Queensland underwater scene.

the Brisbane River itself is a congested muddy stream and offers no possibilities whatever for underwater pursuit . . . Again, Townsville, although situated right on the coast, is sited on a muddy river but by way of compensation holds out the delights of Magnetic Island, situated a few short miles from the coast with an excellent ferry service . . . the coast in the immediate vicinity of Townsville (and Cairns), are mainly flats of muddy sand and/or mangroves, so that for the skin diver who wishes to explore these areas only one possibility remains—the board.

Used often from choice in NSW the floating board is here a necessity, for along the mainland coast the proximity of the extensive mangrove flats causes the water to move through these places, hunting conditions are practically unobtainable, and the board or boat riders are free to move further out over the clear water of the reefs and shoals . . . but the Queensland coast is so great that all kinds of conditions are met with, and irrespective of the methods used, one thing is certain in regard to equipment . . . it needs to be powerful, for along this coast can be found the Giant Cod (Queensland Groper), of which suit divers are said to

be greatly afraid. One of something more than 100 lbs. has been speared by at least one Queensland diver, and a number of other fish such as the black sea bass, and large trevally also ensure a tussle for the spearman who sinks his shaft into their hard fighting bodies. For the most part, the Queensland enthusiast seems to favor guns using double slings of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch diameter rubber or single strings of  $\frac{5}{8}$  inch rubber. Explosive heads do not appear to have yet been used, and it is unlikely that they will come into favor among organized sportsmen, as there would be a possible basis for strong protest from the public if these heads were to be used near a city or resort, and again the use of explosive heads on a Sunday would mean that the sport could become illegal, as the weapon could then be classified as a fire-arm.

On the coral reefs, spearfishing brings in a host of new hazards . . . poison corals, poison fish (like the gloriously beautiful and deceptively deadly Butterfly Cod, a flaming creature of poise and grace, painted in scarlet gold) . . . then too, the speared fish, darting for its coral refuge, easily parts the best line on the razor sharp coral . . . and did we mention the questing sharks? From the lips of Hans Hass, notoriously unafraid of sharks, are reputed to come words of caution about the belligerency of these Australian monsters . . . but there is a world of pleasure here . . . unrivaled beauty where the most able descriptive writers are lost for prose . . . What better place to leave you in Queensland than in these unspoiled parades . . . the submerged wonders of the coral reefs? ▶

Next month: Article IV—Victoria



FROM THE ALBUM "Haiti Cherie," published by editions Henri Dechamps, Port au Prince, Haiti.

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# "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"

By RICHARD CROSBY

The SKIN DIVER magazine is very underwater minded. This writer is a diver and a reporter and because of this perhaps it would seem that we are unduly prejudiced in favor of an undersea film of this magnitude, so I offer some comment from other gentlemen of the press first.

Their reviews contained statements like: "A suspenseful tale of exciting events and unusual experiences! Everyone will be entranced!" Another said: "Incredible, fantastic! It marvels!" also, "Fabulous and fantastic as anything Walt Disney has ever done!"

The film is based of course on the Jules Verne classic which has had a prominent place in libraries throughout the world for some 80 years. It is called the first truly great piece of science-fiction, and its imaginative author has often been called the father of modern science-fiction. In his time the author has been accused of going a little too far; that the technical marvels of which he wrote were beyond reasonable possibility. Yet, as time went on not only did most of the predictions become reality, but the book took on unprecedented prestige.

This writer recalls reading an 1896 article written by Simon Lake, who is often referred to as America's submarine genius. Mr. Lake then said that all his inspiration for submarine development came from reading 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea. He read it over and over again, and indeed his own life later became about as close to that of the fictional Captain Nemo as any man that ever lived.

In promotional literature advertising the lecture appearances of Captain Jacques-Ives Cousteau, the Captain is referred to as "The Man Who Made Jules Verne Come True." We cannot deny that Captain Cousteau has been responsible for luring more people under the sea than anyone else has ever succeeded in doing, through his written inspiration, his prize-winning films, and the invention of the Aqua-Lung.

Then there is that mysterious power which Jules Verne described in his time, which he said drove Captain Nemo's submarine. We have come to know this as

Atomic Energy, and his prediction of it during his own pre-Einstein age is perhaps the most remarkable of all. More remarkable is that the U. S. Navy, when naming the world's Atomic-powered submarine, called it "Nautilus," the name of the fictional sub that up to now existed only in the mind of Jules Verne and on paper. It proves what impact the book has had over the generations.

It is fortunate that we can see the second film based on this book. The first was produced by Mr. John Williamson back in 1915. So unusual and terrifying was it that it was premiered before the president at the White House. Now, we have another by that master of screen enchantment, Walt Disney. In the best Disney tradition, it is moving and beautiful; accurately reproduced just like Verne envisioned it in his time. Although the Captain Nemo on paper is perhaps a bit more sadistic, happily the Disney version, although making him believably ruthless, also injects some explanatory psychoanalysis in the dialogue to make him acceptable and understandable coinciding with the many marvels which he commands.

This writer was most impressed with the submarine Nautilus. An unmistakable display of Disney good taste and accuracy, it is so believable, though strange and possessing crude engineering details as one would expect of something created in the Victorian Age. Yet the wrought-iron fantasy seems like a delightful plaything that every self-respecting skin diver would undoubtedly love to own. At closer look one can see even the slick, lightly-barnacled coating on the ship's plates, as if the vessel really had covered 20,000 leagues since its last scrub-down at a dry-dock. By Disney standards—all in a day's work!

## A Period of Visualization

So many forms of good entertainment are available today, such as can be seen through that family porthole called television, that it is easy to take our abundant lives for granted. Yet a film such as this is possible only after the most exhaustive kind of research, consideration, and hard work that should command nothing but the deepest appreciation of the viewer.

To meet the demands of the story a sub had to be created to look like the one built at a time when such things were considered impractical. This began, says the Disney studio, a "year of headaches" Verne was very specific. He visualized Captain Nemo as having built a craft that looked more like a sea monster than a man-made creation. It had to have a battering ram, two glowing electric eyes, a series of metallic ridges along its spine, and an enormous tail. Verne also told of a "diving chamber" now known as an air lock (a double-hull construction, atomic power, electricity, and self-contained diving suits. He missed predicting only torpedoes and the periscope. However, the main lounge of the sub had such conveniences as a pipe organ, a library, rare paintings, comfortable sofas and chairs, aquariums filled with unusual fish, and soft carpets. To create all this took hundreds of sketches, paintings, blueprints, and six scale models ranging from 18 inches to 22-feet in length. To outfit the interior of the full-sized sub, Disney people ransacked antique shops, furniture stores, art galleries and libraries. With artists providing a series of sketches for production men to follow, the period of visualization was over.

## From the Disney Shipyard: A Sub, and Strange Diving Suits

After a critical consideration of plans by engineers the submarine Nautilus took shape measuring 200 feet in length and 26 feet wide. So that model ships could be ripped apart by the speedy, humming sub, a tank was assembled measuring 90 by 165 feet from 3 to 12 feet deep.

The strange diving suits suggested helmets of perhaps some Medieval battle armor were constructed from what seems to the writer as old sponge diving helmets, with suits either of the UDT type or lighter. Aqua-Lungs were disguised at the regulator section, while inlet hoses led through the helmet wall with a conventional Aqua-Lung mouthpiece within the helmet. Exhaled air collected within the hat, which could be periodically released by the diver by bending the head back and tripping the exhaust valve in the sponge diver fashion. Since sponge divers

(Continued on Page 27)



TWC-12

TOP—Suspended in mid-water, an underwater director gives signals to camera crew, lower left, as the underwater actors march past the camera during one of the sequences filmed on location off the Bahama Islands for Walt Disney's Cinemascope-Technicolor production of Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea."

BOTTOM—Chicken-wire bag holds live little actors until needed for film sequence. Most fish scattered to points leading away from film glamour, while some remained to become a friendly nuisance and swam through when least wanted. Photos copyrighted by Walt Disney Productions.



# SOUTH SEA SAFARI



ERVIN MATEER, expedition comic, compares noses. The fish with the built-in tweezers.



Diver, ERNIE FICKUS, coming in with a prize specimen, a spotted grouper. Jabor island fishes were suspected of being poisonous.



Expedition had many features, underwater photography was one. Here photographer Mack MacClintock catches Ernie Fickus ascending with spotted grouper.

By CHET LINDT

Photos by DON OLLIS

School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine  
Loma Linda, California

Fortunate you are indeed when work, mind you I said work, good old remunerative work takes you on a fishing trip to a skin diver's paradise. Paradise it was too. I never saw so many fish just lazing around waiting to be taken. Where, you ask, is such a fabulous piece of water? Don't grab your fins and light out 'till I tell you about it. It's a mighty long swim from anywhere in the U. S. In fact such a long swim we chose to get there by the faster, if less sporting, method known as flying.

Twenty two hours and 4150 nautical miles of the seemingly endless Pacific brought us to the forgotten island of Jabor in the southern Marshalls. Time had stopped here a century or more ago and the only reminders of civilization were few rusting carcasses of Japanese ships, casualties of World War II, and the jungle-covered rubble of a completely bombed out town which once had a population of around 200.

With the first bombing the native population had hot-canoe it from Jabor to other islands in the atoll leaving the Japanese defenders to sweat out their war alone. Not having an air strip the island was bypassed except for bombings 'til the end of the war at which time its half-starved defenders saw light in surrendering and heading home. According to reports gleaned from the Japanese, the troops had tried their luck fishing. The fishing was good but the fish weren't. After quite a bit of sickness and a few deaths the men gave up fish as food and subsisted on lizards and rats which abound on the island.

Our government is interested in the poisonous fish problem in the Pacific area so a team of ichthyologists and marine biologists from the School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine were sent out to

investigate the local fishes.\* No pains were spared to assure the success of the mission. Supplies of all kinds were shipped in along with collecting gear, a walk-in deep freeze, and a big portable compressor for diving air.

As soon as camp was established and equipment put in order all hands donned swim gear and headed for the lagoon. What a sight! What color! What an assortment of bizarre fishes. And tame too. I didn't mind it at all if they were unafraid and wanted to swim by and look me over. I say didn't mind 'til some of the larger sharks came in for a look. After some of the stories I'd heard and a couple of scared skin divers I saw in Hawaii I decided to tangle only with smaller ones. Perhaps that is cowardice or unsporting, but the little ones gave me plenty of tussle. I even had a couple arbalete shafts snapped off by the so-called little ones.

With the water so clear you could almost see the grains of sand at the bottom to a depth of 50 feet, I had a hard time keeping my mouth piece in for just plain drooling at the scenery. Needless to say, the camera boys were really hopping all the six weeks we were there. Tired as we were at the end of each day, we could hardly wait for the tomorrows so as to get back into the water.

Coral formations provided natural caves for the abundant big groupers, and not a few shafts were lost to these big ugly black fellows, especially when they had too much open water in which to maneuver. One gets a tremendous feeling of excitement as he begins squeezing the trigger at a big grouper when he is looking out from the shadow of his cave. From above their massive heads remind me of a bulldog. Lurking in the shadow with their mouths partly open showing several prominent white canine teeth they seem to be just daring you to shoot. Once you have connected you must move fast to finish him off and get him out of the water. The fresh blood flowing into the water is just like sounding chow call for the sharks. Normally after a kill, two or three sharks will come gliding through the area, but will leave after a brief inspection if no bait is seen.

One good way to collect a lot of fish fast for science is to blast. After a blast we would really have to hustle to pick up all the fish before sharks would come in to help. Usually after blasting in one area we would have to leave it for a couple of days just to stay clear of the sharks that would inevitably gather. It seems once a group of sharks start feeding there is no holding back. We have seen them on such occasions (from the safety of our boat) strike at floating leaves, our anchor chain, at each other and just anything. On one such occurrence a shark put his head under a mushroom

coral to take a dead fish. As he rolled over on this maneuver two of his companions took him in a couple of gulps. A large grouper also interested in getting a handout lost his tail to one shark and a couple of seconds later had completely disappeared down the throat of still another. No sir, when sharks come in and start feeding I suddenly remember fish on the other side of the lagoon that we don't have in the collection yet.

The tropical Pacific is supposed to be the home of the granddaddies of the big barracudas. I saw only two that could be even considered good sized barries, and they wouldn't allow me within shooting distance. We had a school of small two footers who played around the area continually and afforded opportunity for excellent photographs.

Eels came in all sizes but you had to really look for them. One day while surface diving for shells, (I had promised some to the wife) I chanced to peer under a rather large coral head. I met a grouper face to face. With a start and a flurry of sand he lunged back further under the rock. I surfaced for air and my arbalete. Going back down and looking around I saw nothing of a grouper; instead the big, ugly head of a Moray, mouth open, moving slowly out toward me. I gave him the arbalete about a foot behind his head. He immediately started thrashing around, while I tried to pull the shaft and him out of the hole into open water. After a bit of seesawing out came the biggest Moray I ever hope to tangle with. His head was seemingly snapping in all directions at once. The shaft had gone through the lower part of his body and as he struggled it looked as though he would tear himself loose. The boat was away off and I started shouting for some one to come and put another shaft into the eight foot giant. The eel was biting at the shaft and anything that would come close enough to his snapping jaws. Before I could get to the boat, what I had been dreading happened. In biting at the shaft he chewed through his own flesh and released himself. Before I could straighten out the shaft and reload he had disappeared into the corals. Oh, well! The big ones always get away. What's worse my own buddies who belatedly managed to get out to me wouldn't believe my story.

Perhaps one might wonder whether diving off our coasts would lose interest by comparison to such activities in the islands. Let me assure that it doesn't. Come week-ends, just take a gander out over the kelp beds, see those flippers sounding out there? You guessed it, buddy, that's me. ▶

\* For article describing scientific aspects of this program see "Poison From Down Under" SKIN DIVER, Vol. II, No. 8, August, 1953.



TOP—Three specimens of the Black Tipped shark which were numerous in the area.

CENTER—Weighing one of the big ones, l-r, Ervin Mateer, Dr. Yale Dawson and the author.

BOTTOM—Chief cameraman, Don Ollis, prepares to go under.

# SOUTH SEA SAFARI



ERVIN MATEER, expedition comic, compares noses. The fish with the built-in tweezers.



Diver, ERNIE FICKUS, coming in with a prize specimen, a spotted grouper. Jabor Island fishes were suspected of being poisonous.



Expedition had many features, underwater photography was one. Here photographer Mack McClintock catches Ernie Fickus ascending with spotted grouper.

By CHET LINDT

## Photos by DON OLLIS

School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine  
Loma Linda, California

Fortunate you are indeed when work, mind you I said work, good old remunerative work takes you on a fishing trip to a skin diver's paradise. Paradise it was too. I never saw so many fish just lazing around waiting to be taken. Where, you ask, is such a fabulous piece of water? Don't grab your fins and light out 'till I tell you about it. It's a mighty long swim from anywhere in the U. S. In fact such a long swim we chose to get there by the faster, if less sporting, method known as flying.

Twenty two hours and 4150 nautical miles of the seemingly endless Pacific brought us to the forgotten island of Jabor in the southern Marshalls. Time had stopped here a century or more ago and the only reminders of civilization were few rusting carcasses of Japanese ships, casualties of World War II, and the jungle-covered rubble of a completely bombed out town which once had a population of around 200.

With the first bombing the native population had hot-canoeed it from Jabor to other islands in the atoll leaving the Japanese defenders to sweat out their war alone. Not having an air strip the island was bypassed except for bombings 'til the end of the war at which time its half-starved defenders saw light in surrendering and heading home. According to reports gleaned from the Japanese, the troops had tried their luck fishing. The fishing was good but the fish weren't. After quite a bit of sickness and a few deaths the men gave up fish as food and subsisted on lizards and rats which abound on the island.

Our government is interested in the poisonous fish problem in the Pacific area so a team of ichthyologists and marine biologists from the School of Tropical and Preventive Medicine were sent out to

investigate the local fishes.\* No pains were spared to assure the success of the mission. Supplies of all kinds were shipped in along with collecting gear, a walk-in deep freeze, and a big portable compressor for diving air.

As soon as camp was established and equipment put in order all hands donned swim gear and headed for the lagoon. What a sight! What color! What an assortment of bizarre fishes. And tame too. I didn't mind it at all if they were unafraid and wanted to swim by and look me over. I say didn't mind 'till some of the larger sharks came in for a look. After some of the stories I'd heard and a couple of scared skin divers I saw in Hawaii I decided to tangle only with smaller ones. Perhaps that is cowardice or unsporting, but the little ones gave me plenty of tussle. I even had a couple arbalete shafts snapped off by the so-called little ones.

With the water so clear you could almost see the grains of sand at the bottom to a depth of 50 feet, I had a hard time keeping my mouth piece in for just plain drooling at the scenery. Needless to say, the camera boys were really hopping all the six weeks we were there. Tired as we were at the end of each day, we could hardly wait for the tomorrows so as to get back into the water.

Coral formations provided natural caves for the abundant big groupers, and not a few shafts were lost to these big ugly black fellows, especially when they had too much open water in which to maneuver. One gets a tremendous feeling of excitement as he begins squeezing the trigger at a big grouper when he is looking out from the shadow of his cave. From above their massive heads remind me of a bulldog. Lurking in the shadow with their mouths partly open showing several prominent white canine teeth they seem to be just daring you to shoot. Once you have connected you must move fast to finish him off and get him out of the water. The fresh blood flowing into the water is just like sounding chow call for the sharks. Normally after a kill, two or three sharks will come gliding through the area, but will leave after a brief inspection if no bait is seen.

One good way to collect a lot of fish fast for science is to blast. After a blast we would really have to hustle to pick up all the fish before sharks would come in to help. Usually after blasting in one area we would have to leave it for a couple of days just to stay clear of the sharks that would inevitably gather. It seems once a group of sharks start feeding there is no holding back. We have seen them on such occasions (from the safety of our boat) strike at floating leaves, our anchor chain, at each other and just anything. On one such occurrence a shark put his head under a mushroom

coral to take a dead fish. As he rolled over on this maneuver two of his companions took him in a couple of gulps. A large grouper also interested in getting a handout lost his tail to one shark and a couple of seconds later had completely disappeared down the throat of still another. No sir, when sharks come in and start feeding I suddenly remember fish on the other side of the lagoon that we don't have in the collection yet.

The tropical Pacific is supposed to be the home of the granddaddies of the big barracudas. I saw only two that could be even considered good sized barries, and they wouldn't allow me within shooting distance. We had a school of small two footers who played around the area continually and afforded opportunity for excellent photographs.

Eels came in all sizes but you had to really look for them. One day while surface diving for shells, (I had promised some to the wife) I chanced to peer under a rather large coral head. I met a grouper face to face. With a start and a flurry of sand he lunged back further under the rock. I surfaced for air and my arbalete. Going back down and looking around I saw nothing of a grouper; instead the big, ugly head of a Moray, mouth open, moving slowly out toward me. I gave him the arbalete about a foot behind his head. He immediately started thrashing around, while I tried to pull the shaft and him out of the hole into open water. After a bit of seesawing out came the biggest Moray I ever hope to tangle with. His head was seemingly snapping in all directions at once. The shaft had gone through the lower part of his body and as he struggled it looked as though he would tear himself loose. The boat was away off and I started shouting for someone to come and put another shaft into the eight foot giant. The eel was biting at the shaft and anything that would come close enough to his snapping jaws. Before I could get to the boat, what I had been dreading happened. In biting at the shaft he chewed through his own flesh and released himself. Before I could straighten out the shaft and reload he had disappeared into the corals. Oh, well! The big ones always get away. What's worse my own buddies who belatedly managed to get out to me wouldn't believe my story.

Perhaps one might wonder whether diving off our coasts would lose interest by comparison to such activities in the islands. Let me assure that it doesn't. Come week-ends, just take a gander out over the kelp beds, see those flippers sounding out there? You guessed it, buddy, that's me. ➤

\* For article describing scientific aspects of this program see "Poison From Down Under" SKIN DIVER, Vol. II, No. 8, August, 1953.



TOP—Three specimens of the Black Tipped shark which were numerous in the area.

CENTER—Weighing one of the big ones, l-r, Ervin Mateer, Dr. Yale Dawson and the author.

BOTTOM—Chief cameraman, Don Ollis, prepares to go under.

# *Autobiography of a Skin Diver*

(By request of the SKIN DIVER Magazine)

By CHARLES ANDREWS

Skin diving has almost been a life long hobby with me. I was only 12 or 13 (about 1940) when I first took up the sport with my cousins, Fred, Donald and Art Pinder. At that time equipment for spearfishing was not what it is today and being resourceful, as kids are, we made our first spears out of coat hangers, and shooters out of rubber from old inner tubes joined to a stick of bamboo. Since then more elaborate equipment has been marketed but I still prefer the Hawaiian Sling and free spear. Of course, its appearance and usefulness has changed but its still follows the principals of its predecessor and for the most part are fashioned by our own hands. Although some may scoff at such basic tools, I caught my largest fish, a 525 lb. bass, with a Hawaiian Sling and five free spears—but then that isn't too much to brag about. There are so many fish more difficult to spear than a large, lazy black bass, even though they do make an impressive catch.

When asked where I like to fish most I have to say the Bahama Islands. Because I don't get there often enough, I do most of my fishing along the Florida Keys.

The waters there are almost always as ideal as anywhere. The water is clear and there are many reefs where fish are plentiful. I cannot think of anything more restful and enjoyable than a week-end fishing the Keys unless it's a week-end fishing the Bahamas.

As for the best spearfisherman I know, I couldn't draw a line between the three Pinder brothers. They are unequaled as they proved themselves not too long ago in the Nationals.

Now sharks are a much debated question and I'm no authority on them. I have met quite a few, all sizes and shapes, and have acquired a great deal of respect for most. Generally, they appear to be harmless unless angered or sometimes drawn to you by the odor of blood. Perhaps my most interesting adventure occurred just recently off the island of Bimini in the Bahama group, where Art and Don Pinder and myself were fishing and making some underwater movies—several 8-foot Mackerel sharks had been attracted to our vicinity by the fresh blood of a recently speared grouper. I was thinking we really ought to get some good movies of the sharks and ourselves in action. All of a sudden one of the sharks made a pass at Art, veered off, and came straight

toward me! Fortunately, the shark opened his mouth and swallowed half the spear before I shot down his throat. The spear came out his stomach and he turned away. His nose came within inches of my hand; actually touching my shooter, and was just a foot or so from my body. It all happened so quickly I hadn't time to be frightened and as the case on other shark encounters, I thought he would turn off. Nevertheless I am thoroughly impressed with their danger. We all scrambled back into the boat and were more than thankful no one was hurt. Worse luck though—no pictures were made of the incident. I don't think Donald—the camera man—thought too much of the sharks either.

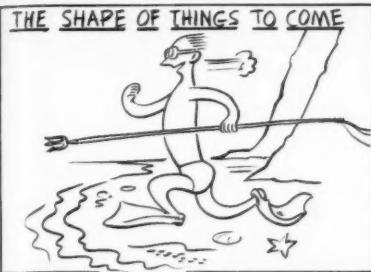
As mentioned above, I have broadened my interests to include underwater photography. These were the first movies I've made but I think there are some good shots of sharks, rays, and turtles in action with Art and Donald.

Also in the past year I've been helping organize Junior spearfishing clubs and have met with a lot of success and interest. Maybe one of these days we'll be able to send a team from the Junior Tritons to the California Junior Championships.

Until then, we'll see you in THE SKIN DIVER. ▶



CHARLES ANDREWS—Team member of the TRITON CLUB—second place National Champions, 1953—with a 150-lb. black sea bass, speared at Sands Cut, Florida.



**PINOCCHIO**, developed by Cressi, has features never before incorporated in one product. The design brings the lens close to the eyes, the upper part of the lens practically rests on the brows, which gives the most perfect perspective and wide-range vision ever achieved. 3/16" tempered glass safety lens gives maximum protection. The Pinocchio "nose" makes it possible to grasp the nose between the fingers and blow outward to relieve pressure in the ears. Another feature is the displacement of air within the mask is so small that it automatically makes it possible for the diver to increase his depth by at least 25%. Manufactured by Healthways, retail price \$5.95. Available in all sporting and skin diving stores effective January 1955.



**NEW SNORKEL FEATURES HEALTHFUL BREATHING, SAFETY AND COMFORT.** This new snorkel, designed to attach to any standard face mask, has a check valve in the air lock cap which prevents dangerous rebreathing of exhaled air . . . all air is expelled through a free flow exhalation valve which also acts as an automatic drain for any water that may have entered the tube due to unusual head movement while submerged. The Explorer is manufactured of the very best materials available . . . tough, long lasting plastic; all metal parts are of brass; and rubber parts are especially selected for resistance to sunlight and sea water. Price \$7.50 at sporting goods stores or postpaid from The Capewell Manufacturing Company, Hartford 2, Connecticut.

## the Hydrophone

By RICHARD CROSBY

**THE EAST COAST PREMIERE.** For the first time since the SKIN DIVER was published our popular and lively sport magazine makes its first public premiere to all who attend the Long Island Boat and Sportsman Show. To all you wonderful people who bought this issue at the show, we bid you a fond WELCOME! Of course all our old friends here in the East who have been reading the SKIN DIVER for some time need no introduction. Old friends and new, may I extend an invitation on behalf of the editors and myself that you visit us at the booth if at all convenient for you to come to Jamaica, Long Island.

Doors will be open from Saturday to Saturday, February 12th to the 19th, 1955; Hours 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Saturday, 2 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sunday, and weekdays 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. You won't miss the exhibit, I'm sure. It'll be surrounded by skin diving equipment exhibitors.

**Location:** The 104th Field Artillery Battalion Armory, on 168 Street and 93rd Avenue. (One block from Jamaica Avenue) in Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Dynamic and resourceful Mr. Albert J. Chase, an ex-newspaperman of 40 years experience is the man behind this show. Already Mr. Chase is planning the establishment of a one-and-a-quarter million dollar stadium designed to be a permanent exhibition structure to be operated by Long Island Expositions.

**Why?** Because Long Island, with its estimated 5,800,000 people present the greatest concentration of boating and fishing enthusiasts—including skin divers—to be found in the whole country; with more coastline available per sportsman than in any other state.

This show will be the most publicized in the Island's history. No less than 104 village newspapers will hail one and all from Brooklyn to Montauk Point. This, not including the quarter-million circulation of the Long Island Press, with Newsday reaching out almost as much. Both papers plan show exhibitor supplements to be printed in celebration of the great event. Visitors will be able to meet in person the famed television artist (and avid skin diver) Mr. Jon Gnay, whose TV sponsor, Krueger Beer, will provide a colorful program listing all exhibitors. At this writing there is talk that Krueger Beer will telecast directly from the show.

Don't miss it, if you possibly can come to see us!

**UNDERSEA ESCAPE** for British pilots who find themselves still alive after their craft takes a dive in the drink is now provided with a 3-ton capacity device that literally rams-open the plastic bubble canopy allowing an undersea bail-out. It is designed to operate "at more than 10 feet in depth."

**DIVERS IN AVIATION.** A surprising and unexpected tribute to the efficiency of modern lung divers was published by Aviation Week magazine recently. An aviation reporter took particular notice of "two frogmen" of the Convair Aircraft Corporation who entered the waters of San Diego Bay last November after the new experimental jet fighter known as the Sea Dart rolled off ramp.

It was a strange sight. The craft looked most unlike the amphibious craft that it was supposed to be. Quickly the frogmen detached the special launching cradle strapped to the underside of the ship and in a short time it roared off.

First, it floated like a boat on its belly, then, picking up speed it stood up on its extended hy-

dro-skis and with some difficulty skittered off the water's surface into full flight.

As the pilot took the ship past the small army of official civilian and military observers on shore, together with newsreel, still, and television photographers, it nosed up sharply for a split second, buffeted, porpoised twice, skidded and then disintegrated in mid-air as abruptly as though it hit a stone wall.

Nearby, the two company frogmen who were standing by sped out in a power launch to the spot in the water where the nose section fell, dove in with Aqua-Lungs and rescued the pilot within minutes in 40 feet of water. The swiftness of the divers' operation was credited by the reporter as being "remarkable." Unfortunately the pilot died aboard the launch while it sped towards shore, as his crash injuries were most severe.

Careful analysis of the crash was later made possible by subsequent diving operations during which the divers, unidentified, managed to recover 90% of the debris from the Sea Dart. Our kind of equipment and training made such salvage operations swifter and more thorough than was ever possible heretofore.

**NAVY DIVERS TO THE RESCUE.** Another case where divers had to recover bodies and parts of a sunken airplane was during the crash of that much publicized Italian Airline which tore into an airport landing light pier tearing its fuselage lengthwise and scattering twisted metal and bodies over a wide area of water. Chief Petty Officer Roland Bruning (I mistakenly mentioned his name as Ronald in the last Hydrophone), who is salvage diving instructor and editor of the Descending Line, a divers' newspaper, was mentioned prominently as having located much of the sunken airliner in newspaper accounts here. Working till exhaustion, the divers moved in with a U.S. Navy net tender and a salvage tug on December 19, 1954, working through the holidays and using several kinds of surface air fed equipment even until the time of this writing, January 4, 1955.

It is difficult to imagine just how nasty such diving can be. We divers who can choose our diving time according to diving seasons may not realize the biting cold, the numbing of fingers, hands, and feet as the diver inches along in black ice water as these divers did day to day. Every step might tangle hose, phone cable, life-line, into razor sharp aluminum sections lying eager to tear into a diver's dress or lines. They worked in relays, each coming up occasionally to thaw out.

We of the SKIN DIVER magazine salute those colleagues of ours, the divers of the U.S. Navy Salvage School of Bayonne, New Jersey, who perform these thankless and miserable jobs that have to be done in the public interest. Well done, gentlemen!

**FLYING DIVERS.** As the third item this month involving aviation and diving, there is a flying service offered at the British Colonial Hotel in Nassau, the Bahama Islands, which offers charter flights "to uncharted Islands and Coral Reefs to fish, picnic and explore." A Cessna float plane is used, operated by Bruce Parker, of water-ski fame.

**DIVERS' HOT-FOOT, PART TWO.** Those electric socks I mentioned two columns ago are surprisingly warm. Although the two 6-volt dry cells were somewhat bulky, I re-wired mine from a series hookup for 12-volt operation to parallel needing only one 6-volt battery. Using a miniature wet-cell instead, feet stay warm a full day since the wet cell has more current available in a smaller overall package. The problem is trying to keep the acid confined within the battery without spilling. Any amount of trouble seems worthwhile after trying out their warmth. The Northern Electric Company of Chicago 25, manufactures them and they tell me, will sell the socks alone or with dry cells, case, and wires.

# 'Underwater'

"Underwater!" is laid in the Caribbean, but RKO filmed the picture, almost 30 per cent of which transpires under water, in the depths off Kona, Hawaii, and in an indoor "ocean" of 300,000 gallons right at the studio.

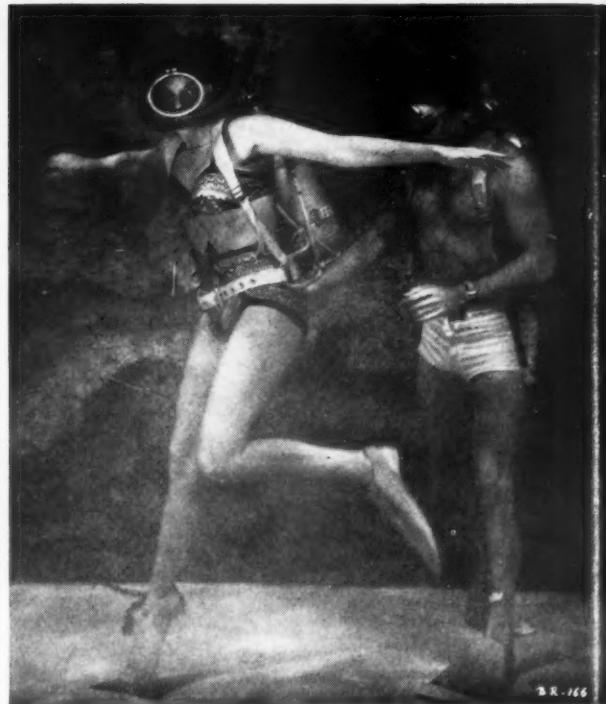
Forty tons of sets, representing portions of three long-submerged Spanish galleons, were built in Hollywood, shipped to Hawaii, assembled and sunk among the clear waters of the vivid coral beds to serve as the setting for the submarine adventures which befall Jane Russell, Gilbert Roland and Richard Egan in their quest for a fabulous sunken treasure.

After six weeks, weather spoiled the Hawaiian location by rolling the depths. RKO brought the company home, built and dug a big indoor sea on a vast sound stage, complete with two underwater camera rooms. Duplicates of the sunken sets left in Hawaii were built and installed in the big tank, which was large enough to hold two commercial fishing boats and a yacht at the same time.

Much of the sensational submarine photography was made possible by the use of underwater sleds evolved by RKO craftsmen after basic plans originated by French skin diving enthusiasts. Two such devices and fins to control the up and down movements, one was mounted with an underwater camera. The results obtained are amazing in that vast submarine areas are covered quickly and through Technicolor camera's eye audiences will experience a feeling akin to gliding smoothly over submarine gardens, weird subocean caverns virtually nudging the strange creatures of the ocean floor which paid scant attention to the intrusion. One of the sleds is used by the stars in the plot and audiences will see it in the picture.

Of the three stars required by the story to do prolonged diving scenes, only Richard Egan was without previous aqua-lung experience, but he mastered the technique, is now one of the film colony's wildest skin diving enthusiasts. Roland has used aqua-lungs in previous roles, and Jane Russell has long been familiar with

UNDERWATER for "UNDERWATER" . . . Jane Russell and Richard Egan appear to be going through a ballet sequence in shark-infested tank on studio lot. Copyright, 1954, RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



them. She learned the easy way—at home in her own pool—and she had a good teacher—her husband, football star Bob Waterfield.

Producer Harry Tatelman and Director John Sturges nearly lost their minds trying to get live sharks for scenes in which Egan and Jane are attacked by the

vicious monsters while trapped in the wreck of a sunken ship. It seems sharks are hard to catch and keep alive in captivity, and California aquariums weren't at all interested in selling or renting those they had. Furthermore, sharks were virtually non-existent in California waters when RKO needed them.



DIVING BELLE . . . is Jane Russell in "Underwater," RKO's Technicolor adventure drama of sunken treasure. With co-stars Gilbert Roland and Richard Egan, Jane Russell did nearly a third of her scenes underwater, mastered skin diving and lung diving technique to become a fan of our fast-spreading sport. Copyright 1954 RKO.

RKO starlet, Jane Mansfield, dons Aqua-Lung and prepares to join the underwater festivities at Silver Springs, Florida. This picture was taken at the UNDERWATER premiere of "UNDERWATER" Jan. 10, 1955. Movie critics from all over the country were collected by RKO for this underwater showing of the movie. "Tex" in the left background seems to approve of her skin diving costume. Photo by Burton McNeely.



Commercial fishermen tried for days to deliver big sharks to the studio alive, only to have a dreary succession of them "dead on arrival." It developed that when confined in tanks for transportation, sharks get excited and either kill one another or commit suicide threshing around, bumping their heads against the sides.

They finally succeeded in transporting two 12-foot sharks to the studio's indoor ocean, where they proved highly photogenic, effective actors before meeting the inevitable end of most movie heavies—death at the hands of the hero.

Jane Russell feels it's the best role she's

ever had and doesn't mind saying so. Producer Tatelman is also enthusiastic over the box office potential of "Underwater!"

"Look," he points out. "We've got Jane Russell in a bikini, we've got a great cast, a good story with an unusual setting, two handsome guys with Jane after a fabulous treasure, terrible sharks and scenes in a long-sunken ship that are as weirdly frightening as any ghost story you ever saw. How can we miss?"

Tatelman didn't need to go on. He had us right from the first with that "Jane Russell in a bikini."

TAMPA TRIDENTS mingle with the stars. Many Florida divers were guests of RKO at their world premiere of "Underwater" at Silver Springs. Photographed with Debbie Reynolds and Lori Nelson are members of the Tampa Trident Underwater club. Front, left to right: Marge McNeely, Debbie Reynolds, Lori Nelson and Sue Shaffer. Rear, left to right, Ray Odor, Pete Peterson and Eddie Huffman.



## MARINE RESEARCH STATION TO OPEN

The establishment of the Cape Haze Marine Laboratory, a new marine biological research station on the Gulf of Mexico at Placida, Florida, was announced by William H. Vanderbilt. The Laboratory is a private, non-profit organization for the purpose of encouraging and developing the study of marine biological sciences and related subjects through scientific research, exchange of scientific information, and dissemination of information to the public by way of exhibits, displays, etc. A museum collection of local marine specimens and facilities for keeping living material for study and display purposes have been started. Accommodations for visiting scientists and students will be available in the future.

The laboratory is the first part of a cultural center which is being planned at Cape Haze, a residential and beach development of William H. Vanderbilt and Alfred G. Vanderbilt adjoining their 54 square miles of cattle ranch land and agricultural property. Cape Haze Marine Laboratory will offer year-round opportunity for many varied projects. Of these, the first will be the collection and identification of local fishes, marine invertebrates, and marine plants. This will be followed by broader ecological research, studies of the behavior of marine animals, and the investigation of marine problems of local importance and interest such as the effects of the "Red Tide."

It is hoped that the Laboratory will be a base for explorations which will solve some of the mysteries of the sea. A small boat equipped for observation and collection in the Bay areas is now in operation. In the future other boats, including a larger boat for oceanic research will be available, as well as facilities for underwater diving.

The Laboratory will be under the direction of Dr. Eugenie Clark. Dr. Clark, ichthyologist, lecturer, and author, is a Research Associate in the Department of Animal Behavior at The American Museum of Natural History. Her research includes studies on the behavior of fishes and the collection and identification of marine fishes, especially the poisonous plectognath group, in such areas as the West Indies, Micronesia, and the Red Sea. Dr. Clark was a Fulbright Scholar in Egypt and has had other projects sponsored by the Office of Naval Research and the Atomic Energy Commission.

# **Odd Death Of A Skin Diver**

(Reprint from December "Skin Diving and Spearfishing Digest," Australia)

This article raises eyebrows and needs an authoritative answer, marine biologists are cordially invited to submit their theories.—Ed.

The following letter was sent to Mr. Dick Charles, president USFA, by Hugh Mabbet, secretary of the Arafura Skin Divers Club at Darwin, Australia.

Dear Mr. Charles,

Ever since Kirke-Dyson-Holland died on September 18, I have been intending to give you details of the tragedy.

Here is an account of what occurred:

On September 18, "Dutchy" Dyson-Holland and another club member, John Baylis, went spearfishing at East Point, about three miles from Darwin. John Baylis had hired a car specially for the occasion.

## *Common Animal*

They worked over one of the outer reefs, and returned towards the beach for a rest. As they were wading ashore through water only ankle-deep John saw a small reef octopus swimming along close to him.

It was about eight inches across if fully spread out, and colored red and blue; it is a common coral animal.

John pointed it out to Dutchy, who said it was good bait and worth catching and keeping.

John picked it up accordingly, and they waded on towards the beach. As they walked John let the octopus crawl over his arms and shoulders, because both he and Dutchy had handled such animals before without ill effects.

Then John saw some attractive coral, and put the octopus on Dutchy's shoulders so he could pick up the coral. Then they waded on again.

John said later that he walked behind Dutchy, and saw the octopus crawl over his arms and shoulders.

Then the octopus stopped briefly on Dutchy's back, high up near the spine. After a few moments without movement it dropped into the water.

John picked it up again and asked Dutchy if he would keep it. Dutchy said: "Throw it away," and John tossed it out into the water.

## *Dry Mouth*

A few moments later Dutchy complained that his mouth was very dry and that he was having difficulty swallowing but he did not appear very concerned.

Shortly after, though, when the two men had left the water and were walking



TOP—Bakersfield Frogmen, equipment and trophy.  
BOTTOM—Left, Earl Jenson, Sea Spook, 59-lb. white sea bass. Right, Len Steph, 27 1/2-lb. sheepshead, Laguna Beach.

along the beach, he vomited and began weaving around on the sand.

He collapsed into a sitting position, and John ran across to him. As he approached he saw a trickle of blood on Dutchy's back where he had earlier noticed the octopus pause before dropping off.

Dutchy was weak and breathing with difficulty.

John half-carried him across the beach to the car. After he had gone some distance other people arrived to help.

At one stage Dutchy said: "It was the little octopus, it was the little octopus."

Dutchy was semi-conscious while being driven to the hospital, and never recovered sufficiently to speak again. He died in an iron lung less than two hours after the octopus had bitten him.

## *Three Factors*

His death was apparently due to a combination of three factors:

(1) The octopus bit him in one of the most vulnerable parts of the body—the spine;

(2) Dutchy apparently had an allergy to this particular form of bite;

(3) The octopus' venom acts on the respiratory system, and Dutchy who was mildly asthmatic, was more susceptible to its effects.

The octopus in question is a common variety in coral waters. Like many others of its kind, it uses a venom to paralyze small crabs, shellfish and other animals it lives on.

The venom is generally regarded as harmless to man.

It appears that Dutchy's death was due to the combination of the three factors I have detailed. Had any one of these not been present, Dutchy would probably be alive today.

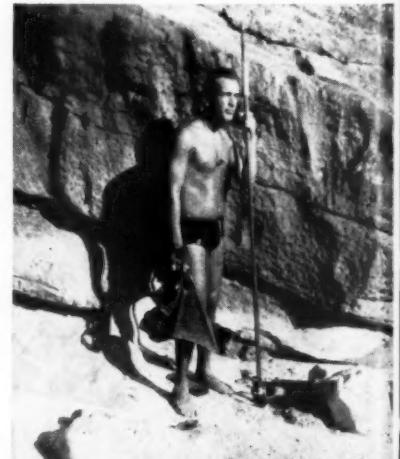
# **Heartbreak In Indochina**

By FRANKLIN KABELKA

USS Telfair APA 21—28 August 1954—Haiphong, Indo-China—Mission Evacuate residents.

The LCU approached our ship with an S.R.O. crowd of refugees. Our purpose was to embark these unfortunates to our ship for transfer to their new homes in Saigon. The refugees did not prove fruitless on the trip. One child was born, a boy, but by the same token one baby girl died and had a burial at sea.

Seeing these people off at the dock was the end of a long and tiresome voyage. We were due for a rest. A cove near Haiphong Bay was chosen for our recreation spot. Its many rocky formations and small accessible beaches made it appear to be a skin divers' haven. My two friends, Franklin Gosnell and George Rushanna, both neophyte divers, eagerly awaited the



TOP—The author, Franklin Kabelka, and his equipment ready for a hopeless plunge.

BOTTOM—L-R, George Rushanna, Frank Kabelka and Franklin Gosnell, heartbreak coming up.

moment when they could spear their first fish.

We then proceeded to gather our gear which mainly consisted of two hand spears and a CO<sub>2</sub> gun, and await liberty call.

Getting off the ship was an easy matter of presenting our I.D. and liberty cards and off we went in the ship's boat toward shore. We hit the beach with a leaden "thud!" The ramp was dropped and we made for a likely place on foot. This was considered best as navigating a boat was menaced by the many submerged boulders along any unmarked route we might have chosen. Walking barefoot amongst the vicious shell life of the beach, it was fast becoming apparent that a pair of shoes might have come in handy. We never knew until then how tender our feet could really be.

We spied a likely spot and moved cautiously into the deep water. The three of us found it much easier to move by lying down in the very shallow water and "turtling" it out from there. This eccentric approach may sound a little odd, but as the water did not get very deep for a good many yards this was deemed most practical. Upon reaching a good deep point we started to dive, deep. Nothing! Absolutely nothing was to be seen! Not fish by any means, but the water, hazy as a London pea soup fog, restricted our vision to about three feet. Disappointing as this was we kept on diving, hoping against hope that somewhere would be a clear spot and a fish might happen along. No such luck! Disillusioned but not beaten we headed toward shore to mull over this challenge that beset us. Seeing a few Chinese in a rice paddy nearby, I dropped my fins and waded through an irrigation ditch towards them. Using a sparse amount of French, American and sign language I succeeded in finding out we were in a river delta area.

So that was the cause of all the haziness beneath the water! Thanking him I left to tell my companions the sad news. Disheartened, we left with nothing to show for our efforts that day or any other day as far as our captain was concerned. Orders came in that afternoon to sail for Yokosuka, Japan.

As we steamed out of Haiphong Bay we noticed the water increasing in its clarity as we neared the ocean end of the bay. Not only that, but a few fish jumped out of the water as if to scoff us for seeking them in the wrong place.

We will long remember the exact location of that place, 20 degrees and 40 min N., 107 E., hoping to return once more to a place that might have afforded us so much spearfishing pleasure and enjoyment. ▶

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DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT—Bill Tinsley is shown force-feeding a Blue Shark which has been reticent to eat during its captivity—most sharks have poor eyesight and find their food by sense of smell. MARINELAND OF PACIFIC'S Aquarist and Curator have surmised that the cupric sulfate and other chemicals used in the water as an algaeicide effects the shark's sense of smell, necessitating forced-feeding.

### "Bride of the Skin Diver"

By GEORGE DAVIES

South Australia

*Forsaking all I take to me  
No greater love, the boundless sea,  
Her heaving breast the ocean swell  
Softly murmurs the tales she'd tell,  
Of life of death, sun or snow  
The day will come the night must go,  
Kelp caressed by the morning tide  
The breeze in the hair of a lovely bride  
Gently lapping on the shores  
Her kiss to him whom she adores.  
Her smile from the crest of the rolling  
wave*

*To golden sands rippling laughter gave,  
Ageless with the passing years  
Eyes bedimmed with countless tears  
Hers the beauty so alluring  
Hers alone eternally enduring,  
Cool, clear waters so very deep  
Serene calm, this her sleep  
Aroused by the tempest of the south,  
The lash of a hand across her mouth  
In seething anger and turmoil  
Her surging blood begins to boil,  
With a crashing roar like a soul from  
hell*

*She tears at the heart of the sands and  
well  
We may remember this,  
Her subtle smile, her tender kiss  
Her moods are many, untamed her ways*

*With puny man she oft time plays,  
The will in her murk and slime  
Shadows of her heartless crime,  
Clutching hands with the witch's grip  
The menace of the rapid rip.  
Where is the bride of yesterday  
Now her veil has fell away  
Still I know and understand  
I'll let her take me by the hand  
Through a garden rare beyond the door,  
Leaving paradise so very poor  
With deafened ear to the tempest's curse  
I take my love for better, for worse.*



One of the highlights of the coming National Sporting Goods Association Show, Feb. 6-10, Hotel Morrison, Chicago, will be Healthways huge 10 ft. high by 8 ft. diameter demonstration tank.

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& EQUIPMENT CO.**

Complete  
Diving  
Equipment



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Largest stock of underwater cameras in the world—topped off with the NEW FEN-JOHN "GOGLER" a professional-amateur still camera with all controls and 40-  
 $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$  pictures.

**\$675.00**

UNDERWATER FLASH to fit all cameras and on easy-to-rig, water-tight adaptor for any camera.

**Flash: \$60.00**

**Adapter: \$10.00**

Also, the best in DIVING EQUIPMENT

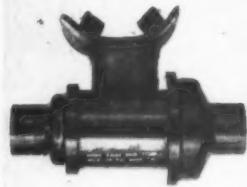


*Write for catalogue*

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Safety First  
Non-Return Mouthpiece

*Cap says . . .*

A wonderful addition to the underwater safety line and a must for every lung user.

I highly recommend the HOPE-PAGE "SAFETY FIRST" non-return valve.

Exclusive Distributors  
**First in Water Sports**

**\$14.95**

**SAVES AIR** because it allows the exchange of mouthpiece underwater  
**NO MORE** Panic from losing mouthpiece  
**NO MORE** Water filling hoses  
**NO MORE** Gurgling from water that seeps in around mouthpiece

**Sensational New Low Price**



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Dealers  
Inquiries  
Solicited

CAP PERKINS  
Merchant Captain and  
Under-sea specialist



**Healthways—The World's Largest, Most Complete Line of Water Sports and Sports Diving Equipment.**

## Hope Root Book To Be Published

The book written by Hope Root, Miami attorney, who died in an attempt to set a world depth record with an underwater lung, will be published in May, 1955.

Publication date of the book, "Spearfishing and Skin-diving on the Florida Reefs," was announced by Paul Hart, of Universal Books, Miami publishing firm.

Root made his fatal plunge into the Gulf Stream off Miami last December and never was seen again. A University of Miami marine laboratory sonic device traced his descent to 500 feet.

Shortly before his death, the 51-year-old lawyer had visited New York to arrange for publication of his manuscript on diving. The publisher suggested he lengthen the book, and he intended to add a chapter about a record dive—the one that caused his death.

The contract to publish the book was made with Root's 80-year-old mother, Mrs. Cynthia Hope Root. →



TOP—Bob Foley, Phil and Norma Gerry, and Larry Estes of the Coast of Maine Neptunes. White patches in the background are snow. Water temperature, 38 degrees.

CENTER—The Long Beach Neptunes float in the Napa Festival. See story on Page 34. Photo courtesy of U.S. Press-Telegram.

BOTTOM—San Francisco Diving Club member George Formanek diving off the Maray near Catalina. Photo by Bill Mixon, SFDC.

# Divers' Bulletin Board

RATES: Personal — \$1.00 minimum or 4c per word. Commercial—10c per word. Payment must accompany copy before deadline date, 10th of month.

**DO YOU HAVE AN AIR PROBLEM?** Why pay exorbitant prices and put up with inconvenience dealing with Welding Gas Concerns who do not want your business. Make up your own high pressure air unit for filling diving cylinders to over 2000 P.S.I. Ingersoll-Rand, 3-stage compressors complete with all controls and auxiliaries ready to use \$295.00 each F.O.B. Some bargains as low as \$150.00 each. Write for details. These compressors originally cost the Government nearly \$200.00 each. Complete instructions and filter plans furnished that enable anyone to set up and use. Thomas J. Doolin, Box 181, Key West, Florida, or Box 211, Pryor, Oklahoma.

**LIKE NEW.** Standard Aqua Lung with Reserve Valve, complete with French Metal Mouthpiece and Hoses and Fenjohn Vest \$125.00.

New Aqua Lung Regulator and Hoses with used, but like new, Standard Tank with Reserve Valve \$135.00.

Also one Bel-Aqua Lrg. Size front entry suit used once \$40.00 and one Bel-Aqua 38 cal. Powered Thunderhead new \$29.95.

Complete Underwater Stereo Outfit consisting of: 1 Revere Stereo Camera with Case and Straps, 1 Set of Filters with Case, 1 Set of Underwater Color Filters, 1 Revere Stereo Viewer, 1 Custom-built Underwater Plexiglas Case, 1 Praco Dual Flash Gun complete. Cost new over \$350.00. Sale Price \$175.00. LEWIS MARINE SALVAGE CO., Main Street, Chatham, Mass.

**DUCK FEET.** Medium, regular \$9.00 — \$5.00. Champion mask, regular \$3.00 — \$1.00, both excellent. Money back if not satisfied. I pay postage. Alex Phelps, Box 985, Chandler, Ariz.

**SEA-NYMPH** foam neoprene shorty, custom built to your measurement. Full price \$25.00 including hood. For information, Write SEA-NYMPH Mfg. Co., 10771 Leffingwell Rd., Norwalk, California.

**NEW & USED EQUIPMENT**—Cressi Spring Guns, used, Cernia with extra shaft \$20. Torpedine, 2 shafts, no heads, \$25; Saetta \$15, Mignon (rubber broken) \$10.—New Barracuda CO2 cartridge gun model 101, never in water, \$45.—Three orbate rubber guns, good condition, \$12 each.—Two Bel-Aqua full rubber suits, used, factory reconditioned, \$25 & \$30.—1 pair Voit medium fins, near new, \$4. See or call Ronald Vanfleet, 7615 Happy Street, Box 152, Hollydale, California. Phone Metcalf 3-1272.

**CUSTOM CUT** quality face plates for ANY mask from 49c to \$1.50 depending on size. Florida Frogman, Kendall, Florida.

**COLOR CARD**, Catalog & copy of deep Sea Digest 20c, Florida Frogman, Kendall, Florida.

**AT LAST** developed for skin divers a safety buckle kit for your weight belt. ONE HAND OPERATION. Fits 2" belts including surplus cartridge belts. Stainless steel quick release buckle and adjusters, all for \$1.35. Mar-Mac Industries, 1453 Revere Ave., Hayward, Calif.

**CUSTOM MADE GLASSES** that will fit your favorite mask, ground to your prescription by a professional optician. \$9.95 to \$19.95. The Fla. Frogman, 9302 S. Dixie Hwy. (U.S. 1), So. Miami-Kendall, Fla.

"LUNG OWNERS" high pressure block protectors with fastening ring. 59c postage prepaid money back guarantee as always. The Florida Frogman Kendall, Florida.

**FLUTTER VALVE** tubing 3/4" width 30c foot, Divair non return check valve for lung mouthpieces, \$1.00 each from the Florida Frogman, Kendall, Florida.

**WANTED:** Back issues Skin Diver. 1953 all issues except 2, 3, 6, 8, 10, 12. 1952 all except Oct., Nov. 1951 Dec. (first issue). Send your price to Paul Cox, 265 East 78th St., New York City.

**CORNELIUS COMPRESSORS**, model 32-R-300. Pressure to 2350 lb. Three stages, with automatic on-off switch. Can be operated with A.C., D.C., or gasoline motor, \$45 each. Guaranteed to be in excellent operating condition. Money back guarantee. Converted model 32-R-300 available for \$60. Mounting bases, filter bottles, new high pressure hose, gauges, yoke fittings. For information, W. J. Stemen, 1108 Chickashaw Drive, Silver Springs, Maryland.

**NOW OPEN**, Whale Harbor Sport Diving & Air Station. On the pier at Al Luckey's famous Whale Harbor Spa, located 73 miles south of Miami on the Overseas Highway to Key West, just across the bridge from the Theatre Of The Sea, on Upper Matacumbe Key. Offering the finest in Atlantic reef and Gulf Key diving and fishing, only minutes by boat from Alligator Reef Light. Fast small cruiser equipped for diving, with Subplane for underwater exploration, fish hunting, and photography. Perfect for small party charter with experienced diver operator, at very reasonable rates. Boats and motors for rent. Diving equipment, guns, Aqua-Lungs, air cylinders, and cameras for rent or sale. Water compressed air refills at any time. Come on down—or call Captain Hugh Brown for information and reservations, at Matacumbe 9911.

**WANTED** — Four Ex-Navy Frogmen with own equipment, who can test to 250 feet and better, to work on percentage with salvage company. Most jobs not over 150 feet. Steady work. Write to Box 365, Bellflower, Calif.

"MEDITERANEAN HUNTER," by Bernard Gorsky, a complete guide to underwater hunting and exploration. A European best-seller, with superb photographs. Price \$2.25, postpaid. Remit to: Peter F. Hobson, 79 Southbrook Rd., Exeter, England.

**ONE SEAL Suit**, medium, has been used four times, \$31. Write to Dick Hinkle, El Cordova Hotel, Coronado, California.

**MANUFACTURERS'** Representative calling on skin diving dealers and jobbers in California desires additional skin diving equipment lines. Reply to Box 128-W, Lynwood, California.

## WEATHER REPORT from the TRITON SHOP in

Miami, Florida

Charlie says:

WATER TEMPERATURE 70 Degrees

WATER IS CLEAR

SEA IS SMOOTH

\*\*GOOD FISHING\*\*

## Council of Diving Clubs of California

Meeting

February 11, 1955

### NEW MEETING PLACE

Lynwood Recreation Center

3798 Century Blvd.

Lynwood, California

(Near St. Francis Hospital)

8:00 P.M.

UNDERWATER camera, and brass pressure tight case, packed in a wood chest \$135.00. German made 35 MM Diax camera with F 2.8 lens, flash gun, sun shade, two filters, leather carrying case and gadget bag. Send for photo. R. T. Keagle, Rt. 2 Box 170, Hopkins, Minnesota.

"THE DEEP SEA DIGEST" Trial subscription \$1.00. Oceanic Research Associates, Box 333, South Miami, Florida.

**IMPORTED GERMAN** (Soligen) diving daggers. Special postage prepaid, \$3.95. The Florida Frogman, 9302 S. Dixie Hwy., (U.S. 1) So. Miami-Kendall, Fla.

**MODEL 32-R-1501** Cornelius compressor. New from factory July '54. Used eleven hours. 110v motor. Complete with automatic control. Will shut off on timed interval or at full Aqua-Lung pressure. All fitted into 14x23x18 Plywood carrying case. \$300.00. Complete Compressor only \$250. Write for pictures and further details. Bill Geister Jr., 100 Lawrence Ave., Elgin, Ill.

### The SKIN DIVER Magazine

P. O. Box 128  
Lynwood, California

## Subscription Blank

\$3.00 — 1 Year

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THE DETROIT NEWS  
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#### "The Other End of the Line"

Photographed by Fisher-Mathison

Subject matter: Underwater life, spearing of small, medium and large fish. NON COMMERCIAL.

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## CALIFORNIA COUNCIL ENSIGNIA CONTEST

The object of this contest is to adopt an ensignia or trademark symbolic of the CALIFORNIA COUNCIL OF DIVING CLUBS! The entry judged most appropriate will receive an AQUA-BOW SPEAR GUN!

The entries will be judged by the executive committee of the California Council of Diving Clubs. The decision of judges will be final. If no entry is acceptable in the opinion of the judges, the contest will be extended. All entries must be received by April 8, 1955. Address entries to: California Council of Diving Clubs, 352 Smith Street, Long Beach, Calif.

Entries will be judged on originality and appropriateness. Ensignia should tell the story of the Council and include the following points of interest: Safety, education, organization and recognition.

Contestants must belong to an organized club that is a member of the California Council of Diving Clubs. Contestants may enter as many ideas as they like.



"Hi, Baby! . . . Where've you been all my life?"

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Complete Line of Skin Diving Equipment

Lyle A.

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SUITS ARE DRY TYPE — FRONT ENTRY — HOOD — MOULDED BOOTS

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Michigan . . .

## ANN ARBOR AMPHIBIANS

By JEAN M. WHITE

Happy New Year to all skin diving enthusiasts. Last year was a great year with lots of sport but here in the Great Lakes Region we are looking forward to a great step in the promotion of the clubs of this area through a diving council now being formed. We've had terrific response to the appeal in the Skin Diver and hope to hear from the clubs who have not yet sent us their names. Don't let your club be left out of this thing. Clubs in Illinois, Kentucky, Minnesota, Ohio, Western New York State, and of course Michigan have contacted us. What happened to the Indiana Clubs? This organization can do just as much for us here in the inland region as the diving councils on the coasts have done not only in the promotion of your sport, but in publicity for your club. Any suggestions, or criticisms you may have at this time will be greatly appreciated. We know that other clubs have had the same idea for such an organization, but now that this thing is a moving idea let's all get behind it and push. We need everyone's keen cooperation in order to make it a success.

Pat McIntyre wrote me and said that the Inland Aqua Fools of Clarklake had already registered their club with Michigan AAU. Congratulations.

Now, for a little club news! The day after Christmas four of our members went through the ice at Big Silver. Gene McDaniels, Pete Smith, Boyd Werner, and Jerry White were sent off with rousing cheers by Claude and George Creswell. Incidentally, they didn't see one fish, and figured they all must be holed up somewhere. They all used sheet rubber suits and were dry and warm on docking. They all stopped back at the White's for Eggnog and a crazy game of Blockhead, a gift Santa brought for the White children.

The Ice Fishing Season is now in full swing and we are planning an outing for spearfishing under the ice. Then a fish fry depending on the luck. ▶

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## BENEATH THE CRAGS . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

the doorway—and barring my exit—was a quivering, warty body rocking from side to side. The huge monster was fully 15 feet across, with a ball of a body at least four to five feet in width. The creature's long-slimy arms, or tentacles, were lined with many great saucer-like cups. And its ghoulish eyes watched my every movement.

Now I knew the fate of the seven lost divers, and I realized that I, too, was trapped in this watery grave. For there was only one way out, and that was blocked by the swaying, writhing giant octopus!

There was but one way out of the chamber in that sunken hulk. And before me loomed a terrible monster blocking that opening. Its long slimy tentacles swayed and quivered continuously, almost rhythmically. They caressed the water, wrapped themselves about the crates and boxes. Then the creature crawled slowly along the floor in the sand toward me. I gazed at it in horror and edged backward out of its grasping reach. In spite of its great bulk and spreading arms it moved quickly.

And, as I watched, I could see the color of the huge bloated body change from brown to dirty yellow, then to tan, and then to gray and white. And all the while, those terrible eyes watched my every movement.

I thought of the statue near me. As I backed slowly and cautiously toward it, the monster octopus seemed to realize what my intent was. For it lunged with one of its long tentacles directly at me. The powerful arm stirred the sand into a great cloud, the movement was so swift. Then, suddenly, a wild plan occurred to me. It was a slim chance, but a man facing death will clutch at most any straw.

Quickly backing as far as I could into the corner of the chamber, I drew my shark knife from its sheath and waited. The 14-inch blade didn't seem much good against such a creature, but I was used to the knife. With half a chance, I could let the terrible monster know that he had been in a fight.

Now the creature was enraged, changing from one color to another quickly, its tentacles reaching always closer to me. I stood waiting. Desperately, the huge beast sought to clasp its suction-cupped arms about me. Hooking the torch to my belt, I waited just beyond reach. Suddenly an arm shot directly at me.

With a quick side swipe, I sliced through it, almost without knowing that my knife had made contact with flesh. Then another tentacle was severed from the sickening, wart-covered body. As still another arm was thrust at me, I sliced

downward at it, lopping it off. Now I saw closely the monster's devilish eyes watching me fixedly with blank, goggling hatred.

Then a stream of blue-black fluid poured forth from the creature's ink-sac, spreading slowly upward and clouding the water all around me. Now I wondered whether my plan would succeed. I was desperate, cornered like a rat in a hole.

Another writing tentacle shot forward. I managed to turn it aside with my knife without cutting it off. But in the next instant a back-handed blow from the tentacle smashed against my helmet. It hurled me backward against the wooden wall with a force that left me dazed, almost unconscious. Slowly I managed to stagger to my feet. I wasn't a second too soon, for the creature clamped onto my helmet and shook me violently from side to side. With a terrifying yell that sounded hideous in my own ears, I drove my knife upward at the quivering arm wrapped about my helmet. The blade sliced deep through the boneless arm, its grip relaxing as the sinuous tentacles parted in two.

Now the octopus became wild with rage. Another huge arm groped wildly for me. It flashed out for a grip on my helmet again, but dropped quickly and seized my left leg instead, throwing me off my feet. Again I slashed at it. And, with fiendish cunning, the creature changed its hold to my left arm, pulling me a little nearer to the doorway. I drove my knife upward once more, but luck was against me. The keen blade glanced wildly, and a second later it was wrenched from my hand!

*Now I was completely helpless!* In desperation I tried to brace myself, but there was nothing to brace against. I could not signal to the salvage ship above for help, because the huge monster's tentacles, those which remained, were staked across my lines. Inch by inch, the huge tentacle dragged me across the sand-covered floor of that watery tomb. As I came nearer, I could see the terrible eyes watching me through the clouded water. *The eighth victim that would never return!*

Suddenly a faint light shone on something that lay on the sand at my feet. *The shark knife!* I saw one last, crazy chance now. I must take it or be torn to pieces by the nightmare that clutched me. Quickly I grabbed the steel blade. The tentacle on my left arm tightened, gave a quick jerk. Now I was within arm's reach of the creature's terrible body. I had to act quickly. Again I felt the grip tighten. Swiftly I raised the knife and drove the long blade full into the fearful creature's body at what I was certain was a vital spot . . .

At the very same moment something tore at my belt. And then the whole room

seemed to explode. There was a quick blinding flash, a dull roar of sound, and then . . . darkness . . .

Later, I opened my eyes with a start, a sort of nervous twitch. I was dreaming, I thought. I closed my eyes again for a few seconds. Then, when I opened them once more, I lay still, blinking. My head cleared. I caught the soft hiss of an air valve and saw that I was in a decompression lock. Sure enough, there were the pressure gauges on the wall. A lone figure stood before them, adjusting the valves. The man turned and faced me. It was Charlie Boyer. Eying me for a brief moment or two in silence, he scanned my face. "Well, Lieutenant," he said quietly, "you did come back."

"How—how did you get me up?" I asked.

"When we didn't hear from you for so long, I ordered two of the native slavers to go down to see what was the matter. They put on their diving masks and dropped down to see what was the trouble. They found you with lines fouled and three tentacles of an octopus about you on the underdeck of the wreck," he replied. "The creature was dead. They closed the air-pressure valves in your torn dress, cut away the lines and tentacles, and got you clear just in time. The dress was leaking fast, but they were able to get you on board before all the air was gone."

"Thank God—thank God!" I said. For a moment or two we both were silent, thinking of the narrow escape from a terrible death. I stood up, feeling quite groggy, but a lot better than I had expected. On deck I turned to Boyer and remarked, "Boyer, there are two things in this wide world I never want to meet again."

He grinned and smiled broadly. "What are they, Lieutenant?" he asked.

"Giant octopuses and more octopuses!" I answered with a grin.

Charlie Boyer agreed with me, and we sailed back to Buenaventura. I was too shaken by the terrible ordeal even to think of going back down for a long time after that. We both sailed for Panama, where we parted. Boyer remained there, and I took a steamer for the States.

And so, in the dark crags off Malpelo Island, the old Spanish schooner-hulk still holds its treasure of silver bars. But the terrible guardian is dead. And with the passage of time, the narrow chamber has lost some of its terror for me. However, it was the first time that I had ever been saved by aqua-lung equipment—I, a regulation-dress diver and veteran of numerous treasure salvage and deeper-depth descents!

Maybe someday I'll be going back for another try at the ghostly wreck off Malpelo Island; maybe I'll recover the treasure I gazed upon on that ghastly dive. \*

*California . . .*

## DAVEY JONES RAIDERS, INC.

By DI CARLO

### Guaymas!

The cry that was heard round the Davey Jones Raiders. And it's not easy to get 30 vacations all at the same time . . . especially when a couple of the would-be travelers work at the same place (and are the only two employees, too!) . . . Next spring is the time and saving money is the target for the D.J.R.'s (this trip excluding females . . . this trip separating the men from the boys . . . the boys not being married . . . the boys the only ones going . . . probably!)

Representative color for the Raiders, now is a bright, bright gold yellow. The newest being a pullover jersey with an attached hood. There have been some sneaky efforts to get the divers to buy new trunks to match . . . but as we all know . . . old diver's trunks never die . . . they just fade away. Maybe in three or four years when the one pair they wear constantly are finally shredded away . . . there will be new trunks to match the jackets and we will be as pretty as the Kelptomaniacs!

Southern California Skin Divers were our guests aboard the "Raider" during January . . . Catalina being the destination . . . the Raiders found that it's really fine to get together with another club. Sure hope that we can do it again and maybe some of the other clubs have ideas about outings!

George Toombs, was chosen to head the club for the new year. As vice-president Charlie Abraham was chosen . . . serving as secretary is Bob Toombs and as treasurer (a really big job) is Tony Di Carlo. The man who will make them pay and pay when they speak out of turn, master at arms is Fred Pulin . . . put some money in the pot, boy!

*Wisconsin . . .*

## MID-WEST AMPHIBIANS

By LEE E. GLEASON

Our activities in this locality have slowed down considerably due to the chilly water. We do dive about every other week and plan to do so the rest of the winter. Most of the water in this vicinity is frozen over at the present time; therefore, Lake Michigan is the only remaining open water where we may enjoy fresh, invigorating depths.

Lake Michigan during winter is usually too rough to allow us to proceed very far from shore in our rubber life rafts, so most of the Lake Michigan diving will be near shore.

Our lifeguard training course is progressing well, and we should be finished some time in January.

Our next big event is planned for February when we will do some survey work beneath the ice of Lake Winnebago for the State of Wisconsin Fisheries Department.

Our congratulations to Zale Parry on her splendid appearance on the Groucho Marx program recently. We need more sweet, wholesome goodwill ambassadors from the skin diving world to help build a good reputation for our sport. ➤

*California . . .*

## CHULA VISTA SEA SPOOKS

By J. R. SWARTS

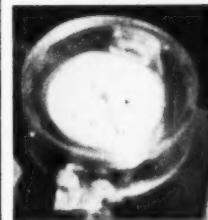
It has been a long time since the Chula Vista Sea Spooks have written you, but we've been just as busy as skin divers can be.

For instance, Earl Jenson, one of the Sea Spooks more experienced divers, just recently speared a 59 lbs. white sea bass. The fish was speared at La Barca, Mexico.

Besides the white sea bass, Bob Johnson, and George Gove each speared a 14 lbs. Sheephead. There were other fish taken also at the meet. ➤

### COMPETITION DIVERS LUNGERS

#### TIME YOUR DIVES



Waterproof Case
Tested to 200 ft.
Case \$4.95
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Complete line of diving equipment, compressed air, tackle and boats.

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CUSTOM EQUIPMENT TO YOUR DESIGN

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Maine . . .

## COAST OF MAINE NEPTUNES

By DON LAMONT

Do the lobsters really go out into deep water when the winter winds begin to howl? The lobstermen, at least, claim they do, and move all their pots far off shore during the winter months. We weren't entirely convinced, so a few weeks ago in January, five Neptunes piled on all the woolen clothing they could get underneath their suits and splashed around in the icy water (38 degrees) surveying the sites where lobsters had been plentiful in the summer. None were seen, but conditions were far from favorable, with a heavy surf and very low visibility.

We had been doubters originally, because in the summer months we had heard lobstermen say, when they weren't getting lobsters in their traps inshore, that the lobsters had all "gone out to shed." We found the exact opposite to be the case as just about under every rock in from 3 to 15 feet of water, were lobsters with new shells. Until their shells hardened, they wouldn't come out in the open, which is the reason none were taken in the traps. The January dive proved one thing conclusively. The water is too cold for underwater swimming. The exposed portions of the face and hands—even though woolen gloves are worn under rubber gloves—become numb and extremely painful within a very short time. Prolonged submersion under these conditions is impossible.

California . . .

## BAKERSFIELD FROGMEN

By DON MARKHAM

The Bakersfield Frogmen Club was organized in September, 1954 for the purpose of uniting skin divers in this area. In this short time our membership has grown to nine. All of our members have rubber suits and four own lungs.

We have an excellent practice area during the summer months in the nearby Kern River. There are many deep pools and the water has good visibility.

A typical week-end trip to the coast (usually to the Morro Bay area, although recent rough water has forced us South to Palos Verdes or Laguna Beach) consists of 300 miles of driving for two days of diving. Expenses are kept to a minimum by sharing gasoline costs, camping on the beach, and eating most of the game that is caught. On such a trip to Laguna Beach recently an inter-club contest was won by Rollin Hansen with a 12 1/2 lb. Lobster. A local businessman donated a nice trophy. Hansen also received a badly torn suit and several scratches for his efforts.

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California . . .

## THE SEAFARERS

By DAVE GARBELLANO

Since last reporting, most of our members have passed the club's diving qualifications at weekly pool dives: Swim underwater the full length of the pool, leave all gear at the bottom of the deep end, surface, dive and again put on equipment. We all are aiming for greater proficiency than this, but want every member to do at least this much.

Club members meet at Carmel on alternate Sundays for sight seeing and photography. While seventy-five percent of us have lungs and neoprene suits, there are only two or three spears in the group. A ski trip is planned early in January, when the "Skifarens" will meet at Tahoe. After that we will again get down to serious diving. We are proud of our weekly bulletin, with announcements of club events and frequent technical articles on diving equipment and techniques.

Our constitution has been passed, but there has been some debate among the members about joining the Council. Newly organized, and rather remote from the West Coast diving centers, we are not acquainted either with the function of the Council or the advantages (either to the Council or to ourselves) of joining it. We would like to see some discussion of this in the *Skin Diver*. ■

California . . .

## 'THE CHICKENS OF THE SEA'

By STEVE HULL

The most important items on the club agenda this winter were the two open meetings, held to recruit new members. We found ten boys who had both an interest in the club and were able to pass the qualifications for membership.

The next thing on the schedule was a trip to Marineland, which is the world's largest oceanarium, and is located in Palos Verdes. The object of this outing was for the old and prospective members to learn about and to be able to identify the fish common to the California coast. To make this visit both more interesting and more educational, our sponsor ran a contest, featuring the fish we observed. This contest deals with three classes of fish; spiny-rayed fish, flat fish, and the shark-ray family. Each member writes about one fish (one seen at Marineland) from each category. The fellow with the most all-around best notebook will win a free trip to Catalina Island next summer, with compliments of the club treasury. The second and third prizes are respectively: a piece of equipment needed, and a Squale mask. The names of the winners will be published in the April edition of the *Skin Diver*. ■

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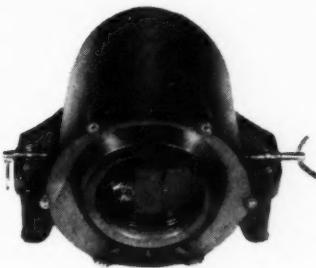
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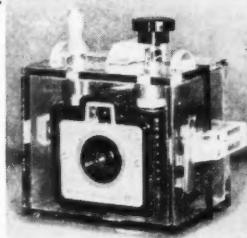
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Massachusetts . . .

## LAWRENCE SPEAR & FIN CLUB

By EDWARD HARRIS

It's been quite some time since you have heard from us, but we are still pretty active. During the summer months we put on a water show for a swell bunch of kids at a polio camp at Plum Island, Mass. We had a wonderful time and hope to go back there real soon. Although our waters are a wee bit cold at this time of year (34) a few of us are still engaged in bringing up bugs. We have a few plans made for the coming season. They consist of taking underwater movies and stills in and around a sunken ship, exploring an underwater cave in Vermont, and to have spearfishing contests with the clubs around us. A short time ago yours truly and Henry Green were looking for an outboard motor to salvage. At the same time that we had sighted the motor, Henry had spotted a 25 pound snapping turtle which began to come after him. A flipper in the turtle's mouth changed his mind and he hastily made an exit. One hour later yours truly spotted him and placed a spear through his head with my trusty gas gun. All I can say is that turtle soup hit the spot.

We would like to hear from any clubs who wish to write us in the near future. Hope to have more news next time.

Illinois . . .

## CHICAGO SUBMARINE EXPLORATION GROUP

By VERNE PEDERSEN

On Nov. 28, 1954, the Chicago Sub-Mariners went to a body of water in Wisconsin known as the Racine Quarry, a spot often visited by the clubs in that area. The water was very clear and cold, but with cold water suits, no one suffered, with the possible exception of Don Hue, who claimed he had stumps where his hands should be. We call him two finger Don now.

Two boys brought up interesting loot from the bottom. Ron Domkowski found three trophies won by the North Division High School in track, football, and ice-skating, dated respectively 1918, 1916, and 1935. Karl Aldrin found an old pistol dating back to 1830, and made in France. We suppose these items were stolen at one time and thrown into the quarry to get rid of them, but who knows?

Our group was the guest of the Milwaukee Amphibians on December 1, when they showed us some fine movies taken by them. It is through intraclub activities like this that our sport will prosper, and we thank the Milwaukee club for the invitation.



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California . . .

## SAN FRANCISCO DIVING CLUB

By DICK SHANKEL

The club activities for December were nil. Everyone was getting ready for Christmas and New Years.

It looks like, from where I sit, that this is the equipment building time. Ed Pee, I am informed, has completed his case for his 16mm Electric Movie Camera. I am working on a dual Aqua-Lung pack. Two other members are working on wet type suits.

But I think the finishing touches go to Bill Mixon, who doesn't like spearfishing but is designing, with the intention to build, a CO<sub>2</sub> gun that will knock whale out of the water, so he says.

Well, that's it for this month, except we would like to thank everyone for the Christmas cards we received from other clubs and divers. →

California . . .

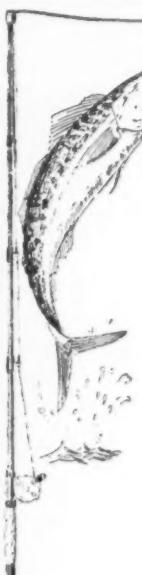
## LONG BEACH NEPTUNES

By HENRY DEL GIUDICE

In all the magnificent pageantry of the "Naples Christmas Festival of Light" there was one small voice for skin diving a three foot wide, three foot high float, a lit Christmas tree in a washtub towed the mile around the canals by Dave Bottles our president, Tom Cornelius, our vice president and three of our tentative members. Jim Gehart, Ted Peterson and Bill Hogan, who by the way is proprietor of a brand new skin diving supply house on East Second St., in Naples.

The Club had a nice folksy Christmas Party at the Belmont Shore Recreation Center and I had a good time. I hope everybody else did.

Bob Washbon, our president of last year, was down from Washington for a Christmas visit with his relatives and I suspect that maybe some skin diving in warm water 'cause he and Bill Stach spent some time at the Island, but then maybe they just wanted to try out that terrific gun type underwater movie camera cause Stach just finished developing. →



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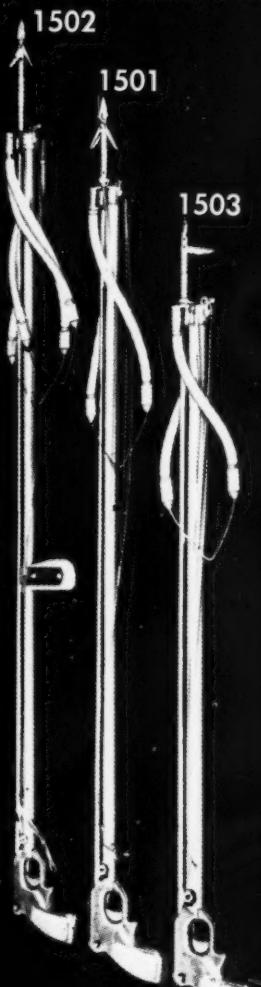
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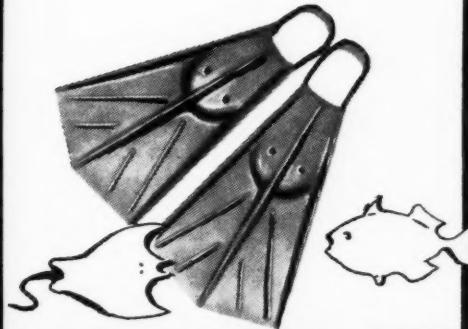
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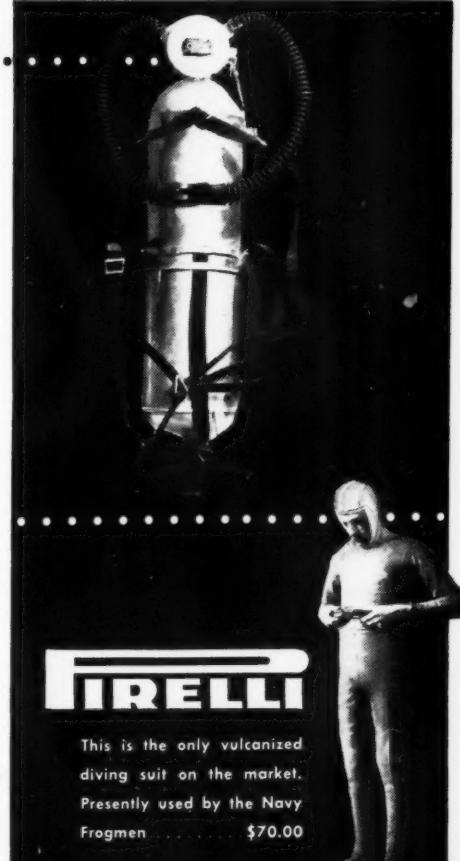
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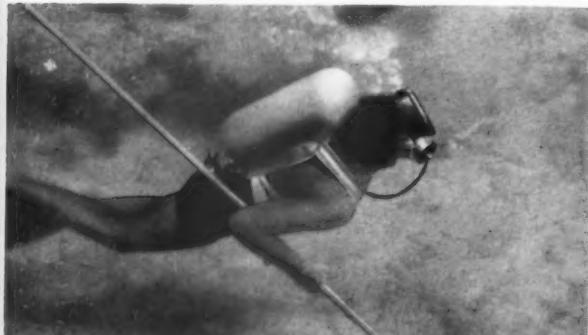
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